

FRONTISPIECE.



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Jul. Macbean

BIOGRAPHY

FOR BOYS;

OR,

CHARACTERISTIC HISTORIES:

CALCULATED

To impress the Youthful Mind

WITH AN ADMIRATION OF

VIRTUOUS PRINCIPLES,

AND A

DETESTATION OF VICIOUS ONES.

BY MRS. PILKINGTON.

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BIOGRAPHY FOR BOYS;

OR,

Characteristic Histories.



CHARLES HENLEY.

AT the declivity of one of those mountains which render the scenes in Caernarvonshire majestic, bold, and striking; stood a solitary little cottage; the owner of which, disgusted with the world, and replete with melancholy and ill-humour, had thither retired, to indulge in solitude the natural propensity of a gloomy sullen mind; — and, in that humble cheerless dwelling, the little hero of the following history first drew his infant breath.

The melancholy event which attended the birth of Charles Henley, might be considered as a prelude to the distresses which attended his infant state: for, deprived by

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death

death of a mother's tenderness, his sorrows (it might be said) began with his existence ! The feelings of his father were so completely under the dominion of *discontent*, that they resisted, in a great degree, all other impressions ; and neither the death of an amiable wife, or the birth of a lovely boy, were capable of counteracting its baneful influence. His family establishment merely consisted of one female domestic, under whose protection the little Charles was placed, the day after the interment of his unfortunate mother, though the nurse who had been engaged to attend Mrs. Henley, during her confinement, assured his father she was wholly unfit to undertake the charge.

As Dorcas (which was the name of Charles's nurse), had sagacity enough to perceive, that *passive obedience* was an absolute requisite in the situation she filled, her master might have been more properly called the *nurse* than herself, as she merely acted

acted under his direction; and, from this circumstance, the infant was inured to a degree of hardship absolutely unheard of at that period of life. Though the season was particularly cold, and the time of his birth within a few days of Christmas, yet, before the expiration of a week, he was exposed to the inclemency of the open air, and it was with the utmost difficulty his nearest neighbour could even persuade him it was necessary to wrap the child up in flannel.

This lady, who lived about a mile from Mr. Henley's cottage, was the widow of a gentleman in the adjacent village, and struck with the sweetness of Mrs. Henley's manners, had made many overtures for a greater intimacy, which her husband's natural dislike to society compelled her to receive with coldness; but as Mrs. Benson knew from whence it proceeded, she rather *admired* than *blamed* her conduct; and, upon hearing the melancholy news of her

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death,

death, resolved to transfer her affection to her helpless offspring.

As it was Mr. Henley's determination to prepare the mind of his infant son for encountering the most severe attacks of adversity, he thought it necessary to avoid every species of indulgence that might either tend to soften or affect it; and from the moment of his birth, the hapless child was a total stranger to parental fondness—accustomed, from that period, to hardship and severity, a disposition naturally *flexible* and *timid*, gradually became *firm* and *resolute*; yet, anxious to obtain the affection of his father, he unrepiningly submitted to his most wanton caprices; and, whenever Mrs. Benson (who really loved him with maternal tenderness) would, in Mr. Henley's absence, venture to blame his method of educating his son, Charles invariably turned the conversation, or else would, affectionately, take her hand, and say, "Consider, my dear madam, that I

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am his child! and that he has an absolute right over me, and had not some severe misfortune soured his temper, I am sure he never would have treated me with the least unkindness: besides, I am sure, whenever he has corrected me with *severity*, for a *slight fault*, he is always sorry for it, though it would not be *proper* for him to say so; and you know both the Romans and the Spartans treated their children much more rigidly than my father does me."

Mrs. Benson, on these occasions, would press the amiable boy to her bosom, and declare, that he reasoned more like a *bishop* than a *child*, and add, that she firmly believed she should live to see him made one, as she was convinced Providence always rewarded (even in this life) such exalted virtue.

As the moroseness of Mr. Henley's temper increased with his years, his unfortunate son's situation daily became more un-

comfortable, and even the natural sentiments of filial duty and affection could scarcely enable him to support it without repining. Whilst he was permitted to enjoy the society of the worthy Mrs. Benson, and that of her only son (a boy about his own age), he could not consider himself completely unhappy ; but when his unfeeling father, in mere wanton cruelty, forbade him the continuance of this gratification, his spirits sunk under the severity of the command, and a shower of tears proved how much it grieved him.

Twelve tedious months dragged slowly on, and Charles had never ventured to visit those dear connections on whom he had placed his tenderest regard, when a circumstance occurred that impelled him to break through the restriction he had received, and fly for council to his much loved friend. It had long been a practice with Mr. Henley, to absent himself from his family for hours together, and ramble, unattended,
over

over those immense cliffs and mountains with which that country so peculiarly abounds, whilst Charles, who was never permitted to attend him, always received a *double task*, to prevent the possibility of his being *idle*, during his father's absence.

At an early hour, on a very severe morning, in the month of January, Mr. Henley set out upon one of these pedestrial excursions, and as Charles's task was of an extraordinary length, his mind was so occupied in the wish of completing it, that evening began to approach before he even thought of the length of time his father had been absent. The natural tenderness of his heart, which severity had, in some degree, lain dormant, was instantly aroused by this circumstance, and the very idea of any accident having happened, filled his bosom with a thousand fears. Knowing the route his father generally took, and totally regardless of his own safety, he instantly

stantly set off in pursuit of him, though the rapid approach of night rendered the undertaking extremely dangerous, for the least false step over these amazing precipices, might have proved fatal to his own existence.

The anxious boy continued his research until the darkness with which he was enveloped, prevented the possibility of his persevering in it, and he returned dejectedly to the cottage faint, exhausted, and dispirited ! Instead of Dorcas attempting to lessen his apprehensions, her observations greatly tended to increase them ; and, upon her expressing a belief that her master had thrown himself from the top of one of the mountains, he could no longer support the excess of his apprehensions, and again snatching up his hat, he left the cottage, and ran with hasty steps towards Mrs. Benson's.

The joy of Edward, at again beholding his former companion, prevented him from observing the dejection that was depicted

on

on his countenance ; but as Mrs. Benson's penetration was more lively than her son's, she was persuaded she was indebted to some misfortune for the visit ; and taking her favorite tenderly by the hand, anxiously enquired into the cause of his solicitude ?

The unfortunate Charles had long been a stranger to the voice of tenderness and the tones of pity, and they made so forcible an impression on his heart, that instead of replying to the interrogation, he burst into a flood of tears, and remained for some moments absorbed in sorrow.

An elderly gentleman was sitting on one side Mrs. Benson's fire, reading the newspaper with much attention, but roused from his employment by the appearance of a stranger, he fixed his eyes upon him with a mixture of curiosity and commiseration, and drawing Mrs. Benson gently towards him, demanded, in a whisper, the name of her little guest, declaring, at the same moment, he had the most expressive countenance

nance he had ever seen, and strongly reminded him of a dear lost child.

The amiable Charles soon recovered a sufficient degree of composure to make his friend acquainted with the occasion of his visit; and after intreating to be indulged with her advice, paid his compliments to the venerable stranger, who, whilst he gazed upon him with pleasure and delight, shook him by the hand with the most cordial welcome.

The night was dark, dreary, and tempestuous, and as Mrs. Benson kept but one man servant, she persuaded Charles to remain at her house during the remainder of it, promising him that Thomas should set out the moment it was light, and endeavour to obtain the information he was so anxious to receive; at the same time advised him to compose his spirits, and share the bed of his friend Edward—Every thing that was kind, tender, and affectionate, that amiable boy said, to soothe the agitation of poor Charles's mind; but the idea that his father
had

had either lost himself amongst the cliffs, or was dashed to pieces from some of the precipices, so completely tortured it, that he could neither obtain composure or repose.

After several days, spent in a fruitless research for this extraordinary man, it was universally believed he had either put a period to his existence, or that he had for ever quitted that part of the world, with the view of escaping the expence of providing for his child; and it might naturally have been supposed that the loss of a father so rigidly severe as Mr. Henley had ever been, would neither have impressed his son with melancholy or dejection, but so completely amiable was Charles's disposition, that he lamented the circumstance with as much real sorrow as if he had lost a most affectionate parent.

Mr. Hemmington (which was the name of Mrs. Benson's venerable guest) found himself so peculiarly interested in the welfare

fare of the unfortunate boy, that he resolved in future to consider him as a son, and supply the want both of parents and fortune, by uniform tenderness and unbounded liberality.

Charles heard of this benevolent resolution with a mixture of gratitude, pleasure, and apprehension, for, as he had no certain confirmation of his father's death, he did not think himself authorised to accept the proposal; yet, the fear of offending his generous patron, made him totally undetermined *how to act*, and his countenance expressed the embarrassment of his feelings.

Though Mr. Hemmington was anxious to promote the *interest* of his new favourite, yet he did not wish to do it at the expence of his *happiness*, and without being a convert to the opinions of Lavater, he could easily perceive that Charles did not receive the proposal with all the warmth he had expected; resolving, therefore, to know the reason of it, he sent for him into his
own

own apartment, and addressed him in the following friendly words:

“I have requested your company, my dear fellow, with the hope of obtaining your confidence, and for the purpose of telling you that though I know I have the power of becoming your *benefactor*, I am only anxious you should consider me as your *friend*; but, in return, I expect to be treated with that candour and sincerity which is so essentially necessary to the continuance of friendship.—From the first moment I beheld you, I felt my affection involuntarily attracted, and whilst I traced a striking resemblance between you and the dear lost offspring of my tenderness, the soft sensation naturally increased, and I resolved to cherish the impression. My fortune is affluent, my interest great, and if you consent to accompany me to London, you’ll find them both devoted to your service; but if you rather wish to stay behind, fear not to own the *cause* that binds you here.”

C

“ Oh,

“Oh, sir,” replied the agitated boy, “what shall I do to merit such kind friendship, and prove how gratefully I feel your kindness?”

“But, speak, my dear Charles,” said Mr. Hemmington, perceiving his embarrassment, “and fear not to offend me, by your candour—I admire an *ingenuous* character, and should despise the boy who could conceal his real sentiments.”

“Then, sir,” continued Charles, “I’ll openly avow my own, and tell you, though I’m grateful for your offer, I cannot bear to *quit* my father’s *dwelling*, until I learn some tidings of his fate—if he still lives (which heaven yet grant he may) I have no right to form a new engagement, without receiving his permission—but, if he should be dead, then, sir, your will shall be my future guide, and I will have no thought, no wish but yours.”

“Noble boy!” exclaimed Mr. Hemmington, “your filial duty charms me, your conduct is superior to all praise! Had you

you been blessed with an *indulgent father*, such sentiments as those had been his *due*; but when I know he was a perfect tyrant, *oppressing* where he ought to have *relieved*, my love and admiration are increased, and you shall be rewarded for your conduct. Go in pursuit of this misguided parent, and take this purse, in token of my friendship."

Mr. Hemmington quitted Wales in the course of a few days after the preceding conversation, and Charles resolved to extend his researches after his father, entirely through the unfrequented paths of Caernarvonshire. Mrs. Benson would fain have dissuaded him from this Quixote-like undertaking, conceiving that a boy of fourteen, who had never travelled beyond the vicinity of a cottage, was liable to a thousand dangers by such an expedition; but though he listened to her remonstrances, he refused being directed by them; and, much against her inclination, quitted the cottage a few hours after his venerable benefactor.

As Charles, from his infancy, had been accustomed to very long walks, he could travel five and twenty miles a day, without finding himself the least fatigued—every peasant he met, and every cottage he came to, alternately filled his bosom with hope and expectation, but, as constantly as he enquired after his unfortunate father, so constantly the sensations vanished, and gave place to fear and disappointment. At length he arrived at the foot of that stupendous mountain, which, from its height, has acquired the name of the British Alps, and oppressed by melancholy, and exhausted by fatigue, he seated himself on the banks of the lake that waters its base, undetermined whether he should *proceed* or *return*. In this melancholy state of mind he was unexpectedly accosted by an old goatherd, who, in the unintelligent jargon of the country, demanded what could make such a pretty face look so sorrowful? and what could have brought him into that unfrequented
part

part of the world, at such a dreary season of the year ?

Charles had no sooner satisfied the stranger's curiosity, both as to the cause of his dejection, and his journey, than he exclaimed "Cot pless my shoul ! as I am a christain man, my pretty teer, the poor teer shentleman you pe come such away to look for, is now tying in my own little cottage—that is, if he pe not tead already—for his poor pones are all pattered to peices de ye see, and he's just for all the world as though he had peen peaten in a mortar—put Cot Almighty is very cood, and has sent his child to hear his tying preath, so come along, my teer, come along."

Charles had no sooner heard the melancholy account of his father's situation, than he urged the peasant to pursue his way, with the utmost expedition, thinking every minute an hour, until he arrived at the

humble dwelling, and trembling with apprehension lest he should be too late.

Though Charles was a stranger both to luxury and affluence, yet he had been accustomed to enjoy the comforts of life, and the very appearance of Morgan's cottage was enough to excite the most chilling sensations, for poverty herself seemed to have been the architect. If the outside of the dwelling had the power of creating such unpleasing emotions, how must they have been increased upon his entrance, when he beheld the author of his being stretched upon a low humble pallet, and deeply groaning with excess of torture !

“ My father ! my beloved father ! ” exclaimed the duteous boy, throwing himself on his knees by the bed-side, and tenderly grasping the emaciated hand, “ Why did you leave—why did you e’er forsake your son ? ”—

“ *Son !* ” replied the unhappy man, gazing at him with a vacant stare—“ Where
is

is my son? His mother's father must be *his*—but I will not see him—I will not be reproached by Mr. Hemmington:—Did I not burn Eliza's letters to him? and does he not believe us now in India?"

Charles soon perceived his father's senses were affected by the fever, yet the name of Hemmington struck him with astonishment, and the idea of being related to him instantly occurred; but the dreadful state to which he saw his father now reduced, banished all other considerations from his mind, and he anxiously demanded of his host whether no surgeon had been sent for to him?

"Cot pless your shoul, my teer," replied the man, "why what was the use of having toctors to him, when every pone in his poor poddy was all pattered like a mummy, and, pesides, the toctor lives a cood long ten miles off, and Cot knows I could not spare the time to fetch him."

Oh!

“ Oh ! do not mention *distance*,” said the unhappy Charles,” only direct me in the nearest road, and I will *fly* to purchase his assistance.” Morgan not only readily consented to this, but offered to walk to the next village with him, for the sake of purchasing a few necessaries for the apparently dying man, with the money Charles had given him for that purpose. They had not proceeded more than half a mile, when Morgan clapped his hands, and suddenly exclaimed, “ Cot Almighty pless my shoul, this is the luckiest thing that ever happened, for there is toctor Jones his very self, and as cood a shentleman he is as ever trew a Christian preath !” Charles did not wait for Morgan to finish his eulogium upon the doctor’s skill, but springing forward with redoubled activity, briefly made him acquainted with his father’s situation, and conjured him to accompany him to the cottage, holding, at the same time, the purse which Mr. Hemmington had given him

him, in his hand, and declaring he should have *that*, and *more* if he could save the life of his loved parent.

Mr. Jones, whose humanity was equal to his skill, took him affectionately by the hand, desired him to replace his purse, and endeavoured to inspire him with hopes of his father's recovery ; but no sooner did he behold the dreadful state to which his patient was reduced, than he was convinced of their fallacy, and instead of attempting to *support* the *hope* he had raised, he rather tried to arm his mind with fortitude.

Mr. Jones had formerly been surgeon to an East-India man ; and in that situation was personally known to Mr. Henley, though the latter gentleman, at that period of time, bore the name of *Stanley*, which he soon after changed, in consequence of a fortune left him by an uncle ; but which, through the artifice of a pretended friend, and his own fondness for *gambling*, had been nearly all expended, and he had retired
from

from the world to indulge the misanthropy of his natural disposition, and to avoid the censure of his wife's father, who was highly incensed against him.

Notwithstanding the number of years which had elapsed, and the total alteration in Mr. Henley's appearance, yet Mr. Jones immediately recognized him, and shocked at the vicissitudes of fortune, demanded of his son from whence they had been occasioned? Charles, who was totally ignorant of his father's affairs, heard the surgeon's account of them with the utmost astonishment, but was incapable of affording him the slightest information; and some days elapsed before the unfortunate man's senses were sufficiently restored to enable him to account for his dreadful situation. During that period, his amiable son never, for one moment, quitted the bedside, administered all the medicines, attended to all his wants, and soothed his anguish with that sympathetic

thetic tenderness which at once evinced his duty and affection.

As Mr. Henley's danger daily increased, the fever which had occasioned his delirium gradually declined, and he not only became sensible of his approaching dissolution, but felt the force of a reproaching conscience, which, though it did not accuse him of *enormous vices*, yet severely condemned him for being deficient in the practice of those amiable virtues which at once ornament and dignify humanity. As a son, he had been headstrong, presumptuous, and undutiful ; as a husband, positive, unaffectionate, and overbearing ; as a father, cruel, tyrannical, and capricious ; and as a man, at one period of his life, profuse, prodigal, and ostentatious ; and, at an other, sordid, sullen, and misanthropic !—With propensities so unamiable, and passions so completely turbulent, how truly deplorable must have been that unfortunate man's situation through life !—

but

but how much did he become an object of commiseration at that awful moment of it, when it drew near its close !

Mr. Jones not only acted the part of physician to the sick man's body, but to his mind, and endeavoured to inspire him with hopes both of mercy and forgiveness. The accident which brought on the premature death of this unhappy man, had been occasioned by a false step over one of those dangerous precipices with which that part of the country abounds; and the unexpected appearance of his father in law had been the means of his extending his rambles beyond the precincts of his abode, to avoid encountering a man whose censure he knew he deserved, and whose displeasure he had intentionally incurred.

As Charles had promised to send Mrs. Benson an account either of the *good or ill* success of his undertaking, a messenger was dispatched for that purpose, and the day preceding Mr. Henley's dissolution, that
amiable

amiable woman arrived at Morgan's solitary cottage. I shall draw a veil over the melancholy scene that followed, and merely say, that the natural sensibility of Charles's disposition was strongly displayed upon the occasion, and that he seemed rather to feel as if he had lost a father whose greatest gratification had consisted in promoting his happiness, than one who had constantly testified a total indifference to it.

Mr. Hemmington was immediately made acquainted with the near relationship that subsisted between him and his young favorite; and, eager to enfold the child of his beloved Eliza to his bosom, intreated he might be sent immediately up to London; but, as the extreme fatigue he had undergone had brought on a slow nervous fever, Mr. Jones thought a journey of that length might be attended with the most dangerous consequences; and it was determined that, instead of *going*, Charles should write to his grandfather, and ac-

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cordingly

cordingly the following letter was immediately sent to the post-office:—

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ AS it is the opinion of those friends, to whom I am under the highest obligations, that my health is not in a state to undertake a journey, I know you would wish me to submit to their decision, though contrary to my inclination, and my wishes.— Oh, my dear sir! how little did I imagine when your benevolence first offered me protection, I had a greater claim upon your affection than that of common humanity—yet, even *then*, I resolved (if my father consented) my life should be spent in proving my gratitude. But *now*, dear sir, now that I find I may look upon you both as a *father* and a friend, how much more is that sentiment increased; and I now assure you, that if affection, duty, and gratitude, can insure me the continuance of
the

the regard I hope to *merit*, I never shall have the misfortune of lamenting its loss.

“ My dear unhappy father too late felt the impropriety of his conduct; and on his death-bed desired me to assure you of his contrition, and I am sure you have too much humanity to extend your anger to the grave.—The tears which involuntarily fall to the memory of my lamented parent, I fear will render my writing illegible; but you will pardon this proof of tenderness and duty.

“ As soon as Mr. Jones and Mrs. Benson approve of my quitting Wales, I shall fly to the embraces of my benefactor, and endeavour to prove how much I am,

“ Dear sir,

“ Your grateful and dutiful grandson,

“ CHARLES HENLEY.”

In about a fortnight after this letter had been written, Charles's health was so perfectly re-established, that he received Mr.

Jones's permission to undertake the journey, and was received by his grandfather with a mixture of joy, love, and tenderness, that at once softened and elated his youthful heart.

Though Mr. Hemmington had determined to leave the bulk of his large fortune to Charles Henley, yet he was resolved to educate him for some profession; convinced that the mind which is not occupied in some ardent or interesting pursuits either becomes listless from inactivity, or depraved from vice; and as Charles had a decided preference for the church, he was sent to Eton, preparatory to his being entered at Cambridge.

That docility of manners which had marked his conduct as a son, was strictly observed when he became a pupil; and though he was a lad both of high spirit and temper, yet he never was guilty of disrespect to his superiors, and was equally beloved both by masters and scholars.

About

About two years after he had quitted school, Mr. Hemmington was seized with paralytic symptoms, and Charles received a summons from the university to attend the sick chamber of his beneficent friend. Though the physicians at first imagined their patient would not long be able to struggle against the violence of his complaint, they very soon changed their opinion, and declared it possible he might live many years.

Charles, who had regularly kept up a correspondence with his early friend Mrs. Benson, immediately informed her of this circumstance, and lamented the melancholy alternative to which he was reduced—of either leaving his benefactor to the care of dependants, or forfeiting that eminence in the university to which his talents and application had raised him.

Mrs. Benson, who always felt for Charles a parent tenderness, could not bear the idea of his relinquishing those honours

his genius was likely to obtain; and though she had a natural dislike to London, she determined to surmount it, and take up her residence in Bedford Square, until Mr. Hemmington's health was restored, or his grandson had completed his education.

The meeting between Charles and his old companion Edward, was productive of the highest gratification to both parties, and though the latter had (contrary to the wishes of his mother) declared for the army, the choice of his friend had an influence upon his own, and he accompanied him to Cambridge at the conclusion of the term. Three years passed away without the occurrence of any material circumstance; but, at the close of that period, Mr. Hemmington's disorder visibly increased, and his physicians were of opinion he was near his end. The amiable Charles attended the sick bed of his grandfather, with the same unabating solicitude he had that of his unhappy parent, and when the
moment

moment of his dissolution arrived, testified no less real sorrow than he had done upon the former occasion.

By the will of Mr. Hemmington, Mrs. Benson (who was his relation) was entitled to three thousand pounds, which Charles insisted upon making double, and with that sum a living was bought for Edward within a few miles of his friend's estate.

The elegance of Charles Henley's mind, and the uncommon sweetness of his disposition soon obtained him the universal regard of all his acquaintance; and, within twelve months after his grandfather's death, he was united to the daughter of a nobleman in the neighbourhood, as accomplished as she was beautiful. The honest Welshman, who had so humanely sheltered the unfortunate Mr. Henley, had, from that period received repeated proofs of Charles's generosity; but the moment his grandfather's fortune was in his possession, he settled upon him a sufficient annuity to
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make

make his latter days pass away in unexpected comfort. Mrs. Benson took a house within half a mile of her son's living, and, in the fond affection of her real and adopted child, was amply compensated for leaving her favourite residence.

The benevolence of that amiable young man's heart, was strikingly displayed in his most trifling actions; and, as he advanced in years, he seemed progressively to increase in virtue. But, as it frequently happens, that superior excellence has but a short existence, so it occurred in the present instance; and that character which would have conferred honour on old age, had scarcely arrived at full maturity, when a malignant virulent disease suddenly destroyed the threads of life, and occasioned the most severe affliction to all his friends. He died on the twenty-ninth of November, ninety-seven, in the twenty-seventh year of his age; and was buried in the parish church of High Wycomb; where his grandfather

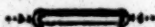
grandfather had purchased a very fine estate—with the following lines engraven on his monument.

Struck by stern death's unerring dart,
When every virtue bloomed;
When rich perfection grac'd his breast,
Then was that heart—entombed!

The Power Supreme, who saw his worth,
Resolv'd that *worth* should rise,
By a removal from the earth,
To that bright spot—the skies.



HERBERT

HERBERT HUMPHREY.

HERBERT HUMPHREY, the only son of an eminent planter in the West-Indies, was born on one of the most beautiful estates in that country; where he remained under the instruction of a private tutor, until he had attained his tenth year, when it was found the climate had injured his health, and he was placed under the guardianship of his father's brother, a clergyman of respectability in the west of England.

Mr. Edward Herbert was a gentleman of the highest erudition, and as his church preferment was rather small, augmented his income by a few private pupils, who, by paying liberally for the instruction they received, enabled their tutor to live in a style

style of elegance. Though these boys were not in the possession, they were most of them born to the inheritance of a title; and, with all the *little* pride which is too often attached to it, fancied themselves people of infinite importance, and that those who could not boast of being descended from *nobility*, were formed of materials quite different to themselves.

Poor Herbert, in addition to the mortification he was destined to endure, from being unable to claim *kindred* with a single *title*, had the peculiar misfortune of being doubly insignificant, from the shade which nature had given to his complexion; for his father, forgetful of those distinctions, had married a very beautiful young woman, the daughter of an Indian chief, whom he had fortunately rescued from the hands of her enemies;—and Herbert's introduction into this dignified society was attended with the most pointed and illiberal incivility.

One boy enquired whether he had slept
upon

upon the deck during his passage? another whether the sun in that part of the world always changed the complexion? and a third, whether his mother was a *free woman* or a *slave*?

To these interrogations, which proved at once the weakness and insolence of the enquirers' mind, Herbert did not condescend to make any reply; but, turning to a boy, whose countenance had pleased him, began asking some simple question respecting the customs and manners of England. This lad, who appeared about a year older than Herbert, was the only son of Sir Charles Effingham, a gentleman who had so completely injured his fortune on the turf, that he had been obliged to let his patrimonial estate, and to quit the country, for the sake of avoiding the persecution of his numerous creditors, leaving his son under the protection of his lady's father, from whom he still had great expectations.

Mr.

Mr. Lester, though naturally fond of his grandson, was of a disposition remarkably severe, and Osmund Effingham was so fearful of displeasing him, that he dreaded the return of every vacation, and was delighted at receiving a letter on the day of Herbert's arrival to say he was to spend the following one at the rectory. The intercourse that took place in consequence of this circumstance, laid the foundation of their future friendship, and though their tempers were, in many points, dissimilar, yet in generosity of sentiment they perfectly agreed.

Osmund was endowed rather with a *quick* than a *solid understanding*; and, at the same time, had so great a dislike to study, that he was eternally in disgrace from the incorrectness of his tasks. Herbert, on the contrary, was both sedate and manly, and so extremely fond of reading and application, that he could scarcely be persuaded to devote any time to play.

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The partiality which Osmund testified for the young West Indian, was the means of securing him from the insolence of the other boys; for though they still thought themselves degraded by his society, they did not *openly* treat him with *contempt*, and would sometimes condescend to solicit him to do their tasks.

About three years after Herbert had been in England, Mr. Lester invited him to spend the vacation with his grandson, who, delighted at the prospect of having his friend for a companion, quitted the rectory in unusual spirits. As Lester Hall was only about twelve miles from Mr. Herbert's, a little poney was always sent for Osmund; but as Mr. Lester had a high opinion of Herbert's *prudence*, he indulged him with the use of his own horse, charging the groom, with the strictest caution, not to permit his grandson to mount it.

Osmund, who had often longed to ride this favourite animal, laughed at the injunction

tion of the servant, and, clapping his friend affectionately on his shoulder, said, "Come, Herbert, you will not be so crabbed as my grandfather, I know, and we can change horses before we get near the hall." It was in vain that the groom remonstrated, or that Herbert pointed out the possibility of his grandfather's discovering the imposition, he was resolved to follow the bent of his own inclination, and, vaulting upon the saddle, was out of sight in a few moments; and, had he not stopped at the turnpike, neither of them could have overtaken him.

As he was exulting in the idea of this piece of horsemanship, the distant cries of a pack of fox-hounds, at once struck and charmed his ear; and he conjured Herbert, if he had the slightest affection for him, only to ride after them, for *two or three miles*. To this the servant *positively objected*, declaring he should lose his place, if he consented to such a thing; and Herbert protested if he attempted pursuing them,

he would directly ride on to the hall. This *threat* he was certain would not be executed, and not doubting but they both would follow, he kissed his hand, and rode off full speed.

The poor man was so terrified by this manœuvre, that he was absolutely unable to attempt stopping him, and Herbert was so provoked at his folly and imprudence, that he could scarcely refrain from shedding tears. After debating how they were to act, they thought they had better remain near the present spot, for, as no other road led to the hut, they were certain he must return to it. After walking their horses near three hours, and suffering torment, from fear and apprehension, they beheld Osmund, at a little distance, slowly approaching, with the bridle in his hand, and the poor animal he had been so anxious to ride hobbling after him, upon three legs.

“Are you hurt?” exclaimed Herbert, in a voice absolutely faltering with fear.—

“I shall

"I shall lose my place, as sure as I'm a sinner!" said the man, "and all through your headstrong doings master Effingham! I'll be hanged if the mare is worth *five pounds*, and my master might have had *fifty* for her this morning; Oh, lord! Oh, lord! I'd sooner have given twenty shillings out of my pocket, than have had the job of fetching ye, master!"

"I dare not see my grandfather," said Osmund, bursting into tears, "positively Herbert, I will *not go home*—and as to you, Peter," continued he, looking at the man, "I can never make you amends, for I know your master will turn you away, and perhaps you may starve, through my folly!"

The sympathizing tenderness of Herbert's disposition, induced him not only to participate in his friend's distress, but to try all in his power to mitigate it, and, after spending some time in consultation and entreaty, he persuaded him to let the blame devolve

on himself, and it was agreed between them, that the groom should say the horse had fallen in consequence of Herbert not having held the reins sufficiently tight.

Herbert's affection for his thoughtless friend, had frequently impelled him to receive correction for failings which he alone had committed ; but voluntarily to incur the displeasure of a man like Mr. Lester, was certainly a proof of the most disinterested regard, and was much more painful in its consequences, than the severest flogging could have been.

The old gentleman, impatient for his dinner, and alarmed for his horse, was fretfully walking about his park, when he discovered Herbert and Osmund riding on one horse, and the terrified groom leading the other, which appeared scarcely able to crawl.

“ Here ! you young jackanips, Osmund ! ” exclaimed he, “ what have you been riding my *Juno* ? If you have, you
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undutiful rogue, positively I'll break every bone in your skin!" Trembling with fear, the alarmed Herbert dismounted from the poney, and, in the most assuasive terms, disclosed the fatal catastrophe that had happened, apologizing for his inexperience in riding, and wholly exculpating his friend from blame.

"I wish you had been in her situation," replied the churlish being, "or if you had broke your *neck*, it would have been no matter,—however, I'll take care how I ask chaps like *you* again. Why I suppose you thought you was riding an *elephant* or a *camel*, or some of them outlandish things you meet with in your country? well, well, for my part, I wish you had never come out of it, or that I had never let you cross the back of my poor Juno!" so saying, he walked away to the stable, and venting the remaining part of his ill humour on the unoffending groom.

It was some days before the unfortunate animal was able to move her legs, but, at the expiration of that time, the farrier pronounced her in a fair way of recovery, and declared that she would be only injured in *appearance* by the fall. This intelligence softened the asperity of the old gentleman's temper, and taking Herbert affectionately by the hand, he told him he believed he had treated him rather rudely; but the *rougher now, the smoother an other time*; "Hey, my boy!" then slipping a guinea into his hand, desired him to lay it out at the neighbouring fair; instead of which, Herbert presented it to the groom, as a compensation for all the agitation he had suffered through the folly of his friend.

Though both the boys were extremely happy in the society of each other, yet neither of them were sorry when the expiration of the holidays arrived, and were extremely concerned at hearing the old gentleman declare he should keep them a
few

few days beyond the time, as he intended conveying them back to the rectory, having some particular business to transact with a lady, in the neighbourhood. This lady, whose name was Mercer, had long been an object of the boys' aversion, for, as she lived within a few doors of Mr. Humphrey, she was continually making complaints against them, and they had so often been punished through her *ill-nature*, that at length they resolved upon retaliation.

When Mr. Lester proposed paying her a visit, Osmund and Herbert requested leave to accompany him ; for, knowing that her garden abounded in fruit, they thought themselves secure of a tolerable portion, and were not a little mortified at seeing her meanly divide an apricot between them. This circumstance they related to their school-fellows, who, previously exasperated against her conduct, were resolved no longer to defer their vengeance, and the next evening executed the following plan :

Having

Having accidentally discovered that she had an aversion to *cats*, they collected all that the neighbourhood produced, and fastening a bell round their necks, confined them together in a general bag. Bribery secured the assistance of the gardener, who supplied them with a ladder, to ascend the wall ; and, as Mrs. Mercer was sitting reading in her drawing room, the window was thrown open, and the bag emptied.

Fits and faintings were the effect of this alarm, for the animals, terrified at their own noise, flew round the apartment, with an appearance of phrenzy, breaking and destroying whatever opposed their progress. Justly exasperated at such an outrage, the offended lady resolved to discover the perpetrators of an act, at once insulting and *inhuman*, and knowing that bribery is more forcible than persuasion, she offered a twenty pound reward to the discloser of the plot.

Twenty

Twenty pounds in the pocket of a gardener, would at any time enable him to become a *master man*, and as to the bond of fidelity between him and *school-boys*, that was too *fragile* to resist the power of *interest*, and the man who had assisted the perpetration of the deed, was the unprincipled creature who disclosed it.

Though all the boys were accessory to the plan, the execution of it was committed to the daring Osmund, who, always eager to be foremost in mischief, never foresaw the consequences that attended it, and, from this carelessness and temerity of disposition, was eternally subject to some disgrace.

Though nothing could be said in vindication of the conduct, Mrs. Mercer certainly acted with unjustifiable severity; for, instead of acquainting Mr. Herbert with the circumstance, she immediately sent to an officer of justice, who apprehended Osmund in the public school.

Herbert,

Herbert, who knew his friends dependence on his grandfather, entirely rested on his *good opinion*, was persuaded that a circumstance so completely disgraceful, would totally destroy his future prospects; and, before Osmund could attempt a justification of his conduct, he told his uncle there must have been some mistake in the affair, as *he* was the *person* that had scaled Mrs. Mercer's wall.

Mr. Humphrey was shocked at this declaration, for, as his nephew had ever been a promoter of order and regularity, he was the last boy he would have suspected in the school; and, after chastising him with the utmost severity, he went directly to Mrs. Mercer, and with great difficulty compromised the affair.

This circumstance, which every boy had witnessed, exalted Herbert in their estimation, and they began unanimously to believe that elevated conduct was not merely attached to *nobility*, but that a generous
and

and disinterested action might be performed, without the auxiliaries of *birth* and *title*.

About two years after this circumstance occurred, Mr. Humphrey and his lady returned to England, possessed of a fortune absolutely princely, and only anxious it should be devoted to the happiness of their son. Osmund was immediately introduced to their acquaintance, and the liberal allowance Herbert received from his father, enabled him to compensate for Mr. Lester's parsimony, who instead of increasing his grandson's allowance, absolutely denied him the most innocent recreations.

Though Sir Charles had quitted England upon a plan of economy, and with a view of avoiding the claims of his creditors, yet the habits of luxury and dissipation were so firmly engrafted, that he found it impossible to break through them, and the same degree of extravagance which had been so destructive to his credit, in *one country*, was thoughtlessly persevered in, when he arrived

arrived in another, until the embarrassment of his circumstances was so oppressive to his feelings, that it brought on a slow nervous fever, which totally baffled the skill of his physicians, and, at length, terminated his existence !

A short time previous to this melancholy circumstance, Osmund's expectation of inheriting the fortune of his grandfather was totally cut off, by his unexpected marriage, and the unfortunate youth came to a title, without scarcely three hundred a year to support it.

Beggary and nobility are terrible companions, and the disappointed Osmund, anxious to disencumber his estate from mortgage, resolved to try his success at cards.—Just as he was going into a gaming-house, he accidentally encountered his friend Herbert, who, finding he could not dissuade him from his purpose, resolved to attend him to this vortex of destruction.

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The brilliancy of the apartment, the elegance of the company, and the immense sums that were laying promiscuously scattered upon the table, animated the bosom of the youthful adventurer, and, big with the hopes of *retrieving* his *fortune*, he thoughtlessly insured its *total ruin*. Two gentlemen, peculiarly elegant in their manner, after a slight conversation upon different subjects, invited both the young men to form a table, and upon Herbert declaring that he never played, he offered to find a fourth to make up the deficiency. The unsuspecting Osmund accepted the proposal, and fortune, for a while, proved much his friend; but suddenly the scene was changed, and the deluded victim of design, in less than two hours, was reduced to poverty, disgrace, and shame!

Herbert's distress, during the whole of this proceeding, was strikingly displayed in every feature, and, closely watching the

play of his friend's opponent, he was convinced he won by an *unfair* pursuit, and quitting the apartments unobserved, he flew directly to an officer of justice, and returned to the scene of extortion and iniquity just as the frantic Osmund was escaping from it.

“ I am *ruined* and *undone* !” (said he in a voice of frenzy), “ my father left me scarcely *above want*, and my *own folly* has now finally insured it !”

“ Where are the men who've *robbed* you of your *fortune* ?” said the impatient Herbert, fearing they had escaped the power of justice—at that moment he perceived them descending the stairs, and giving the officer who accompanied them an intelligent glance; they were instantly taken in custody, where they were detained until Mr. Humphrey arrived, to whom Herbert had dispatched a messenger the moment he perceived the
unfair

unfair method they had practiced during their play.

Terrified at the prospect of having their iniquity exposed, they not only offered to return the promissory notes they had received from Osmund, but to present him with two hundred pounds they had that evening won from another gentleman. The *latter* part of this proposal was indignantly spurned by the exasperated Mr. Humphrey, who resolved to make an example of two destructive beings, who, by fraud and injustice, had long supported their families in a style of luxury and extravagance, and were even received in the most polished circles.

Warned by this fortunate escape from ruin, the impetuous Osmund resolved, in future, never to act contrary to the council of his friend; and cured by it of a natural love for play, he made an absolute determination never again to touch a card,

which he was the more likely to adhere to, from having taken up his residence in Mr. Humphrey's family.

About two years after this occurrence had taken place, Mr. Humphrey found a disorder he had contracted, by a long residence in an unhealthy climate, making such rapid inroads on his constitution, that he was persuaded he could not long struggle against it, and sending for his son into his apartment, expressed his desire of arranging all his worldly affairs, and requested he would tell him how large a portion of his fortune should be left as a *legacy* to his *friend*.

Herbert's agitation at the prospect of losing so kind and indulgent a father, was evinced by the most unfeigned affliction and tender attention ; but as the physicians had candidly informed him Mr. Humphrey's recovery was impossible, for his friend's sake, he wished him to settle his
affairs ;

affairs ; and after requesting his mother might be enabled to live in the same style to which she had always been accustomed, he begged the residue of the fortune might be equally *divided between* Osmund and himself.

Mr. Humphrey, though very partial to his son's favourite, strongly opposed this division ; but finding that he pressed it with most persuasive eloquence, at length yielded to the solicitation ; and as the property was all personal, there was no difficulty in making the division.

Osmund's astonishment at hearing of this unexpected acquisition of property, could only be equalled by the firmness of his resolution to refuse accepting it ; for, though he had never felt his delicacy wounded at receiving *small* sums from the hands of his liberal minded friend, he thought it incompatible either with principle or probity to take advantage of such unheard-of

unheard-of friendship; and it was not until Herbert determined to break through all intercourse, that he was persuaded to avail himself of Mr. Humphrey's generosity.

All the mortgages upon the Effingham estates were immediately paid off by the advice of Herbert, and fifteen thousand pounds, which then remained, divided between Lady Effingham and her only daughter, who both resided with Mr. Lester.

Emily Effingham was both lovely and engaging; and Herbert's friendship for the brother inclined him to feel an attachment for the sister, which he soon had penetration enough to perceive was not wholly disagreeable. Pleased with the prospect of having the bonds of affection strengthened by the ties of relationship, he made immediate proposals to her ladyship. The patron of the son was certain of meeting the approbation of the mother, and the beautiful Emily delighted at the preference
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of a man whose friendship had been so thoroughly exalted, consented, without reluctance, to become his wife.

Soon after this circumstance had taken place, the death of Mr. Humphrey put her son in possession of her ample jointure, and purchasing an estate within a few miles of his friend's residence, he lived upon it in a style of the utmost elegance, devoting, at the same time, an eighth part of the income to the purposes of *charity* and *benevolence*. A numerous family was the result of this alliance, and, in forming their infant minds to virtue, the amiable pair derived the highest gratification, and both lived to see them elegantly established in respectable and elevated situations.

The friendship which had been formed during the days of childhood, terminated only with the existence of Mr. Humphrey, and the lines which Sir Osmund had inscribed

scribed upon his tomb, proved that it lived
even beyond the grave—

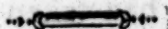
When near this sacred sculptured urn
Unthinking mortals bend,
Here let them pause—for they may learn
To be a faithful friend!

Here lies the mortal earthly frame
Of one whose ample breast
Rais'd a lov'd friend from want and shame,
And made him truly blest!

Herbert Humphrey, Obt. Feb. 27, 1798. Æ. 63.



FREDERICK

FREDERICK FITZALLEN.

FREDERICK FITZALLEN was the only son of a Colonel of that name, who, after many years spent in the service of his country, retired upon half pay, to a small patrimonial estate in the northern part of Ireland. On this estate, which was called Ballyvolin Vale, the youthful hero of the present story first drew his infant breath, to the mutual joy of both his parents, who began to despair of leaving an heir to their little property, which, in that case, must have descended to a remote branch of the family.

Mrs. Fitzallen was, at least, twenty years younger than the Colonel, whom she had married at sixteen, for the purpose of escaping from the oppressive controul of a capricious mother-in-law, and obtaining a precedence

cedency over her eldest sister, towards whom she had always felt a most invincible dislike; and the Colonel, whose affections had been suddenly attracted by the charms of her person, had taken no pains to discover the imperfections of her mind.

This union, so completely unequal in point of *years*, was perfectly consistent in point of *consequences*, and neither the lady or gentleman derived from it those gratifications they had so foolishly expected. Mrs. Fitzallen, whose arbitrary disposition disdained controul, found the inclinations of a husband as unpleasing to submit to, as the commands of a parent, and the Colonel readily allowed, that it was more easy to govern a *regiment of soldiers*, than subdue the *caprices* of an *overbearing wife*. A contradiction of opinions, and a struggling for power, had been warmly supported between the two parties for nearly the space of four years, when the subject of these memoirs happily appeared as the harbinger
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of peace, and the restorer of tranquility, and so completely was the little irritability of the Colonel's temper softened, by his arrival, that he resolved, from that period, to allow pre-eminence to his lady. This resolution formed, in the hour of mutual happiness, was no less transitory than the happiness itself, and the first impressions the child was capable of receiving, were tinctured with a *dislike* to each of his *parents*. When Mrs. Fitzallen met with the slightest opposition to her inclinations or desires, she constantly accused her husband of being the *destroyer* of her *peace*, and would frequently press the little Frederick to her bosom, and enquire whether, when he became a man, he would *suffer* her to be *used* so *cruelly*? whilst the Colonel would empassioned declare, the boy would be totally ruined by her folly, without attempting to counteract its effects.

This mode of conduct, so highly improper in them both, had an effect pecu-

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liarly unfortunate upon Frederick, who naturally of a hot turbulent disposition, soon learned to despise the authority of both his parents, and, by the time he had attained his ninth year, would openly avow his disrespect to their commands. Colonel Fitzallen was completely shocked at these early proofs of presumption in his son; but worn by disease, and dejected by disappointment, he was unable to correct the evil he lamented, and this overbearing temper was suffered to increase until the boy became the tyrant of the family.

The sudden and unexpected death of the unfortunate Colonel, was the means of inducing Mrs. Fitzallen's Father to visit Ballyvolin, and alarmed at the unamiable traits in his grandson's disposition, he prevailed upon his daughter to send him immediately to school, and strongly recommended one at Londonderry.

Mrs. Fitzallen, who had already felt the ill effect of her partiality and indulgence, willingly

willingly acceded to this proposal, and Frederick was induced to consent to their scheme, under an idea that he was to be his grandfather's guest; but when he arrived at the spot of his future residence, and found that he was to be placed at a public academy, his rage and indignation knew no bounds, and he even attempted striking his grandfather.

Mr. Patrick, who was a man both of spirit and resolution, soon taught him to *repent* such an instance of *temerity*, and Frederic had sagacity enough to discover that the same behaviour would not do at Londonderry, he had practised, with so much success, at Ballyvolin Vale. Mr. Newton, the master of the school where Mr. Patrick placed his grandson, was a man of great erudition and high respectability, but of a temper so completely mild, that he was inclined to pass over trifling imperfections, and was, therefore, not en-

tirely the kind of man under whose care Frederick ought to have been consigned.

The moment our young hero was established in the school, he selected, amongst the number, one of the boys as an intimate friend; and as there was a great similarity in their dispositions, the two young gentlemen were soon inseparable. Cavan Langford was near two years older than his new companion, and though he possessed more subtlety of temper than his friend, he had much less of that daring boldness, which, from his infancy, had marked the character of Frederick.

Though Mr. Newton was by no means a strict disciplinarian himself, yet the gentleman, who was next in consequence in the school, amply compensated for the superior's deficiency, and whenever either business or pleasure obliged Mr. Newton to be absent from it, he always took care to exert his authority in a way no less painful, than mortifying to the boys, and, in consequence

sequence of this proceeding, he was universally hated by them all.

Frederick, who with the utmost difficulty, could submit to the authority of Mr. Newton, openly defied that of his assistant ; and, upon his first attempt to inflict personal chastisement upon him, he not only made use of the most scurrilous language, but discharged the slate he held in his hand with such violence at his head, that the corner of it made a wound in the poor man's temple, more than an inch and half in length.

This daring outrage against delegated power, was considered, by Mr. Newton, of so unpardonable a nature, that he resolved to expel the author of it from the school, dreading the effect such an act of violence might produce upon the rest of the boys ; and sending immediately for Frederick's grandfather, he declared his resolution of not permitting him to remain any longer one of the community.

Mr. Patrick was too well acquainted with the perverse disposition of his grandson, to imagine that *disgrace alone* would be likely to make a lasting impression upon it, unless it was accompanied by some more personal mark of his master's indignation, and after many expostulations from Mr. Patrick, Mr. Newton at length consented to Frederick's remaining in the school, on condition of his making Mr. Brownlow (which was the usher's name), the necessary concessions for such a mode of conduct, and submitting with humiliation to whatever punishment his master thought proper to inflict.

Frederick, who had been confined to his apartment from the moment of his disgraceful conduct, was exulting in the idea of being expelled from school, as he had an invincible aversion to study; when he received a summons to attend his grandfather, who, after severely reprimanding him for the outrage he had committed, informed him
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he must either publicly apologize to Mr. Brownlow for it, and patiently submit to the punishment due to his crime, or accompany Captain Dawson to the coast of Africa, where he would be treated with the rigour and severity he deserved.

The idea of apologizing to a being he despised, was peculiarly mortifying to a disposition like Frederick's ; yet the distressing alternative to which he was reduced, compelled him not to hesitate in his choice, and he reluctantly made those concessions the necessity of the case extorted from him, at the same time forming a resolution to be *privately* revenged for the degradation. Mr. Newton, after expatiating upon the atrocity of his pupil's conduct, prepared to inflict that corporeal chastisement he so justly merited ; and, in addition to his mental and bodily humiliation, he had the mortification of hearing his grandfather declare he should remain at school during the ensuing vacation.

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Though Mrs. Fitzallen's affections had been warmly attached to her son during his days of childhood, yet the ungrateful return he had made for her tenderness, united to the assiduous attentions of a young fortune hunter (attracted by her jointure, rather than her charms), had greatly weakened this natural impression in his favour, and she acceded to her father's proposal of his remaining at school, with a readiness wholly unexpected by him, and Frederick's appeal to her authority for counteracting that of his grandfather's, was totally disregarded and unattended to.

Exasperated at this unexpected instance of maternal disregard, the disappointed boy gave way to the most violent paroxysms of rage and indignation, which only subsided by his friend Langford imparting a scheme of private revenge against the object of their mutual abhorrence; which, if properly executed, would not only be the means of removing him from his present situation,

situation, but prevent the possibility of his obtaining an establishment in any one of a similar nature.

As Mr. Newton was averse to personal chastisement for petty failings, a forfeit box was erected in the school, into which was put small sums for the transgression of such rules as were established for the good order of the society; and this box was committed to the care of Mr. Brownlow, and regularly opened on the day preceding the vacation, and its contents divided into two parts: the one was distributed amongst the servants, and the other was devoted to the gratification of the boys, and either purchased for them an excellent supper, or enabled them to give a dance to their friends in the place. This box Langford had contrived to open, and had made himself master of great part of its contents, which he proposed placing under the papers in Mr. Brownlow's desk; and as some of the boys had forfeited pocket pieces
which

which they had promised to redeem at the opening of the box, he had no doubt but that circumstance would lead to the discovery of the theft. As it then wanted near a fortnight to the vacation, he proposed that both Frederick and himself should spend the little money they had by them in purchasing pocket-pieces, then purposely transgress those rules which would compel them to forfeit, and request permission of Mr. Brownlow to substitute their pocket-pieces in the place of money, until they received their allowance, and were enabled to redeem them.

This artful proposal was agreed to with avidity, and Frederick determining to place the circumstance beyond a doubt, contrived to steal several articles from the different boys, and put them in the drawers of the unsuspecting usher, which was managed without the slightest difficulty, as the same key opened the lock both of the desk and the drawers.

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The day of exultation at length arrived, and the injured Brownlow beheld, with astonishment, the box which had always been consigned to his care, unexpectedly robbed of almost all its treasure ! The boys shocked at the idea of being deprived of their accustomed gratification, loudly exclaimed against the atrocity of the thief, whilst Langford, with well-feigned sorrow for the loss of his pocket-pieces, declared himself ready to give ten times the value of them, as they had been the gift of his *departed mother*. During the confusion this circumstance had occasioned, Mr. Newton received a summons from his wife to inform him that upon examining the inventories of the young gentlemen's apparel previous to their quitting school, many articles were deficient in great numbers of them, and that she considered it necessary to search the house. The proposal was instantly made to all the servants, who, conscious of their own integrity, willingly consented

consented to the projected plan; but not a single article was found amongst them, and Mr. Newton returned to the scene of universal tumult, to demand the keys of all his pupils desks.

Langford and Frederick both murmured at the proposal, declaring that such treatment was an *insult* upon *gentlemen*, and the unsuspecting Brownlow, to silence their complainings, requested the *usher's desks* might be included in the research; but who shall describe either his horror or astonishment, when both money and pocket-pieces were discovered at the bottom of his own! All subordination at that moment ceased, and it was with the utmost difficulty the boys were restrained from evincing their resentment by *personal indignities*. It was in vain that he protested his innocence of the crime, or declared his resolution to discover the perpetrator of it; the evidence of guilt was too strong to admit of palliation, and Mr. Newton insisted upon the
unfortunate

unfortunate man's quitting the house, without allowing him an opportunity either of clearing his character, or detecting the artifice of his enemies.

The success which had attended this master-piece of iniquity, was an incitement to the perpetrators of it to extend the practice, and they were continually amusing themselves with taking advantage of the credulity of the other boys, or in some scheme to outwit the ushers. Though Providence permits vice to triumph for a season, the period always arrives when it is discovered in its native deformity, and when the deceptious veil, which has so long concealed it, is withdrawn for the advantage of the *unsuspicious* and *unwary* !

Frederick and Langford had long been companions in sin and iniquity, when the latter was seized with an alarming disorder, and terrified at the prospect of his approaching dissolution, thought that, by making a disclosure of the crimes he had committed,

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ted, he should obtain forgiveness in the eye of Heaven !

Shocked at the idea of having his character exposed, Frederick implored, conjured, and intreated ; but the unhappy boy, who was labouring under the anguish of a diseased body, and a tortured mind, was totally deaf to his friend's intreaties ; and, upon Mr. Newton's entering the room at that very moment, made a frank confession of his former guilt, and exculpated the usher from every kind of blame.

The agitation of mind which the unfortunate boy endured during the period of this recital, hastened the moments he seemed so much to dread, and feeling the hand of death suddenly arrest him, he sprang up in his bed, and with a ghastly terrified appearance, conjured those who were around him to save him from destruction ! Hardened as was the heart of Frederick, the horrid scene made a deep impression on it, and grasping the cold hand of his dying friend,
he

he wept upon it with an emotion of violence. "Oh Frederick!" said the helpless Langford, in a voice scarcely to be understood, "had I but taken as much pains to lead you in the path of virtue, as I did to allure you into that of vice, how different would have been my feelings at this awful moment!—but Oh! pray for—Oh! pray for my departing soul!"

The worthy Mr. Newton endeavoured to compose the horrors of his mind, and to convince him that the truly penitent might justly hope for pardon and forgiveness; and sending immediately for the clergyman of the parish, he joined him fervently in acts of prayer and intercession, and the unhappy Langford breathed his last, amidst the humble petitions of his surrounding friends.

Though it was impossible that Mr. Newton could retain a boy of Frederick's disposition in his school, after he had been made acquainted with the depravity of his con-

duct, yet humanity induced him to avoid exposing it; and fancying that the awful scene he had so lately witnessed, must teach him to view his actions with abhorrence, he endeavoured to strengthen those sensations by the most serious and friendly advice, and after a lecture of a couple of hours, he returned his pupil into Mr. Patrick's hands.

Mrs. Fitzallen had, previous to this circumstance, long been united to the object of her affection; and as her husband's regiment had been ordered abroad, she had accompanied him to the West Indies, and left her son wholly under the care of his grandfather, who, not knowing how to dispose of him, proposed sending him into that country.

To the West Indies, this headstrong boy openly avowed a strong aversion; and as his heart was incapable of filial attachment, the seeing a parent there was no attraction.— To support a lad of the most amiable disposition in indolence and inactivity, would
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be to hazard the destruction of his virtuous propensities ; but to suffer a mind like Frederick's to remain unoccupied, Mr. Patrick was convinced would be to insure his eternal ruin ; and he insisted upon his making choice of that profession to which he felt most inclined.

As study and application had ever been his aversion, the army alone seemed calculated to avoid it, and upon expressing a desire to obtain a commission, a lieutenancy was purchased in the sixty-first regiment, and on the day he entered his seventeenth year, he was ordered to embark with it for the West Indies. This mandate he heard with sensations of grief, rage, and mortification ; but as he found resistance impracticable, he prepared to obey what he could not counteract. The passage was quick, the voyage prosperous, and the regiment arrived on the stationary island without any thing materially happening, either to the men or officers ; and the first circumstance

that called forth Frederick's astonishment was, that his regiment was to relieve that to which his father-in-law belonged.

Though Frederick's heart was *incapable of tenderness*, it was open to impressions of *interest* and *advantage*; and the prospect of deriving benefit from his father-in-law's experience, induced him to put on the mask of duty and affection, and he immediately went in search of Mr. Macnamara's lodgings.

At the time of Mr. Macnamara's marriage with Mrs. Fitzallen, he was an Ensign in the regiment in which he afterwards purchased a company; but from a natural propensity to the vices of the age, he was under the necessity of parting with his commission for half its value; and at the period of his son-in-law's arrival in that country, he had quitted both that and his wife, (whom he had left in the most abject and forlorn condition) the prey of disappointment, mortification, and disease!—Frederick, instead of
flying

flying with open arms to the assistance of his unfortunate mother, was no sooner made acquainted with her distress, than he inhumanly refused her the smallest succour, and instead of commiserating the situation to which she was reduced, insulted her misfortunes by a condemnation of her conduct.

That distress which had appealed in vain to the humanity of a child, made an impression on a heart unattracted by consanguinity, and the unfortunate Mrs. Macnamara received, in a blank cover, a sum sufficient to enable her to embark for England, where she might seek for that shelter in parental arms, which had been denied to her in filial ones!

The strength of Frederick's passions, and the violence of his temper, was continually evinced during his residence in the West Indies, and there was not a man in the whole regiment so completely despised and detested as himself. The moment for his return at length arrived, and as the period of his

his entering on his patrimonial property drew nigh, his insolence and arrogance seemed to increase, and whilst he exulted in the idea of his *own importance*, he imagined the whole world must be subservient to it. A young man of spirit, but of conciliating manners, had, with indignation, beheld this supercilious behaviour; but, as no personal affront had ever been offered him, he avoided taking notice of what he heartily despised. At length, however, he considered *himself* insulted, and incapable of submitting to the slightest indignity, he told Frederick he insisted upon an immediate apology. Unaccustomed, from his infancy, to control his passions, or subdue his rage, the headstrong Frederick darted a look of fury at the amiable young man, and drawing his sword in a moment of phrenzy, inhumanly plunged it into his unguarded breast.

Horror—grief—terror—and despair, at once possessed the wretched Frederick's
mind;

mind; and had it not been for the intervention of the surrounding throng, the crime of *suicide* would have been added to that of *murder*! The unhappy culprit was instantly secured, and his person fettered by ignominious chains, which his ungovernable passions had been the means of forging; and when the ship arrived at the destined port, he became a spectacle of abhorrence to the surrounding multitude, who crowded on the strand to behold the unfortunate victim of lawless passion.

The melancholy news of Frederick's fate too soon reached the ears of his unhappy parent; who, struck with a sense of her own misconduct, in the early part of his education, and shocked at the prospect of his ignominious death, instantly fell into a state of despondency, from which, neither the tenderness of her father, or the solicitude of her friends, was ever after capable of rousing her.

Though

Though Mr. Patrick was convinced, that neither interest or power could protract the life of his unfortunate grand-son, yet he thought it his duty to make the trial; and, if he could not preserve an existence justly devoted to the laws of his country, minister as much as possible to the comfort of its close. With this laudable and humane intention, he left his wretched daughter to the care of her friends, and going on board an Irish packet, arrived at Holyhead in six and thirty hours, and proceeded to Winchester with the utmost expedition.

From the dreadful moment of Frederick's confinement, the sound of pity had never reached his ear, or the voice of tenderness soothed the sorrows of his heart. The sullen keeper had either silently conveyed his scanty share of sustenance, or insultingly demanded whether he approved it. How sweetly consoling, then, must have been the sympathizing tear of paternal commiseration,

misseration, and how unexpectedly gratifying the presence of a friend !

A carriage and four stopping at the gate of a prison in a country town, was sufficient to attract the attention of the lower order of society ; and before Mr. Patrick could alight from it, he heard the murmuring croud draw curses on the head of his unhappy grand-son, whose severity of discipline with the men under his command, had been the means of producing *universal hatred*.

With trembling steps, and palpitating heart, the agitated Mr. Patrick followed the keeper to the dismal cell ; and when the massive door disclosed the wretched culprit, a groan of sorrow shook his aged frame !—Stretched at his length, upon a truss of straw, lay the sad offspring of his much-loved child ; and as he rose to view the form that entered, the clanking chains struck horror on his heart !—“ Frederick !” sobbed out the poor old man, “ unhappy, wretched

wretched boy—Oh ! how my heart is torn with grief and sorrow, thus to behold you, after years of absence !”

“ Oh spare me ! spare me !” exclaimed the wretched youth, “ nor drive me frantic by the voice of pity ! I am the veriest wretch that crawls on earth, and all my sins croud heavily upon me !”

Mr. Patrick took him gently by the hand, and seating him on the straw from which he had just arose, endeavoured to compose the agitation of his mind : and after some hours spent in religious and interesting conversation, had the happiness of leaving him more resigned. By enquiring into the circumstances attending the death of the amiable young man who had fallen a victim to Frederick’s fury, Mr. Patrick was convinced that the fate of his grandson was inevitable ; and instead of appealing to the power of *justice*, he resolved only to apply to that of *mercy*, and by that means procure, for the unhappy culprit,

pirit, those comforts of which he stood in so much need. In consequence of this application, he was removed from the cell in which he had so long been confined, into one of those devoted to the debtors, where he patiently awaited the awful sentence which summoned him to appear before the eternal throne.

The day previous to that fixed upon for the unfortunate young man's execution, a messenger arrived, express from Ireland, with the melancholy intelligence of Mrs. Macnamara being pronounced by her physicians past recovery. The wretched father, agonized by this intelligence, took a melancholy leave of his repentant grandson, who, in addition to all his sufferings, had the misery of knowing his disgraceful conduct had shortened the existence of his unhappy parent.

The final hour at length arrived, which was to determine the career of headstrong passion ; and show, to the surrounding multitude,

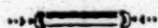
multitude, the fatal effects of an ungovernable temper ! the dreadful scene was at once *solemn, melancholy, and distressing*, and left, upon the minds of the numerous spectators, a lesson more impressive than the most pointed precept.

When the body had remained suspended the accustomed time, it was delivered into the care of Mr. Patrick's servant, who, at a little distance from the awful scene, waited with a hearse ready to receive it, and afterwards saw it deposited in a prepared tomb, with this remarkable inscription placed over it.

If head-strong passion shakes the mind,
Pause o'er this silent tomb;
For *here* its *victim* lies confin'd,
Cut off in manhood's bloom !

F. F. Ob. Nov. 17, Æ. 20.

HORACE

HORACE LASCELLS.

AS the contented inhabitants of an humble cottage, in Devonshire, were domestically enjoying the comfort of a cheerful fire, and relating to each other the interesting history of their early days, their mutual attention was suddenly aroused by the feeble wailings of a new-born child, which seemed to proceed from an interior apartment.

Starting from their seats with an emotion of surprise, they flew to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and, with a mixture of pity and astonishment, beheld an infant apparently a few days old, wrapped in a mantle, and laying on their bed. The casement of the window remained unclosed, and from the dirty marks the

floor still retained of a man's footing, it was evident the child could not have been many minutes in its present situation. Whilst honest Sarah was examining the contents of a small bundle which was placed by her little charge, her husband was no less anxiously busy in searching the environs of his humble dwelling, and enquiring of his surrounding neighbours whether any stranger had been seen lurking near their hamlet; but each were unsuccessful in their endeavours to trace the means by which they had received their guest; and the only circumstance that could ever be likely to lead to the discovery of the child's name or family, was a large purple spot on his left shoulder, and a piece of paper with these remarkable words, "*Treat him well, and your fortune may be made—but if he dies, his blood may be required!—Call him Horace.*" The linen in which he was dressed, was plain, and there was

was neither money or valuables inclosed within the bundle.

The singularity of a child being found in so extraordinary a manner, called forth the conjectures of the whole community ; and, amongst the number of those who crouded to behold the wonderful phenomenon, was the venerable pastor of the little flock.

“ A curious circumstance this, I hear, honest Dobson,” said the worthy vicar, as he entered the mansion of conjecture ; “ but where is this poor forsaken child ? I’m come to take the burden off your hands, for industry and age should not be forced to labour hard for others.”

“ God Almighty bless your reverence,” replied Dobson, “ for all your goodness ; but as to that there poor babe wanting my great labour to support it, why that’s out of the question do ye see ; and my Sarah was just saying, before your reverence came in, as how she would not part with it for all

the world ; and, as it pleased God to take all our own children from us, perhaps that was sent to be a comfort to us in our old age ; and a sweet looking little angel it is, as ever your reverence clapped your eyes on."

" Well, my honest friend," replied Mr. Manners, (which was the clergyman's name), I would not, for the world, deprive either yourself or wife of so benevolent a gratification ; but knowing you sometimes felt the infirmities of age, I feared any additional labour might increase them, and prepared my housekeeper to receive your charge."

Though Dobson refused to relinquish the little foundling, he very willingly delivered up the paper which had accompanied him, which Mr. Manners determined to secure, in the hopes that it might some time lead to a discovery ; and the next day was fixed upon for christening the child by the name which had been desired.

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The infancy of the lovely boy I shall pass over in silence ; and merely say, that even at that early period, he evinced a pliancy of temper, and sweetness of disposition, that strikingly marked his future actions ; and that a strong affection for his adopted parents was discoverable even from his childhood.

The first affliction Horace became acquainted with, arose from the death of the amiable Mr. Manners, whose fondness for the child had increased so much with his years, that he voluntarily offered to become his instructor ; for though he wished him to imagine himself the son of Dobson, he thought it necessary to educate him for a more exalted situation ; that in case he might ever discover his real parents, he might not disgrace them by total ignorance ; and those hours which were not devoted to industry and labour, were all spent in the cultivation of his mind.

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The benevolence of Mr. Manners's heart, and the generosity of his disposition, had prevented the possibility of saving a fortune ; and though he frequently wished to lay by a portion of his income for his little favourite, yet the constant appeals which were made to his humanity, completely frustrated the desire, and he was not enabled even to leave him a trifling legacy.

It was not Horace alone who had reason to lament the loss of the venerable Mr. Manners, for every inhabitant of the village felt it ; and as the character of his successor was totally opposite to his own, the contrast was at once melancholy and striking. Mr. Clifton was the younger son of a man of rank in the north of England, who, to all the insolence of power, united the pride of birth ; and who, knowing himself destitute of those qualities calculated to produce respect, resolved to enforce it by tyranny and oppression. His family consisted of two sons and a daughter ; and as
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he had lived much beyond his income during his residence near the metropolis, upon receiving a presentation to his new benefice, he resolved to retire to the spot, and endeavour to retrieve his former credit, and to save the expence of removing his furniture; he purchased (upon his own terms) whatever had belonged to the late incumbent, and, amongst other articles, his favourite horse and two Alderney cows.

As it had been a regular practice with the neighbouring poor to send their children every morning with small pitchers to the vicarage, for the purpose of receiving a portion of the scum milk during the life of their late worthy pastor, they vainly imagined the same custom would be continued upon the arrival of their new one; and, by way of insuring it, they unanimously resolved to petition Mr. Clifton for the same indulgence.

As poor old Dobson was confined to his bed with a rheumatic complaint, to which he

he had many years been subject, and his wife's time was occupied in nursing him, it was mutually determined to send Horace to the vicarage upon this embassy, and he was desired to take with him the same jug he had always carried upon that occasion, when there was no doubt of its being filled by the hands of benevolence.

Although there was something repugnant to the amiable boy's feelings in asking favors, yet his parent's *wishes* had always been considered as *commands*; and taking up the pitcher without repining, he walked towards the vicarage with a heavy heart, lamenting the loss of its late venerable inhabitant, and embalming his memory with an involuntary tear. As he approached the dwelling, his emotion increased; and, turning his back on the scene of former happiness, he seated himself on a style to regain composure, and calm the agitation he was unable to subdue. Reflecting on the virtues of his lamented patron, and pained at
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the idea of entering the abode in which he had resided, he was wholly indifferent to surrounding objects, and was roused from his reverie by a stroke across his shoulders, before he perceived any person near him—a salutation so wholly unexpected, induced him instantly to start from his seat; and, turning round with a look of astonishment, he beheld two boys, the one rather taller, and the other rather shorter than himself, who accosted him in a strain of supercilious haughtiness, and demanded “why he presumed to take possession of the style, and prevent *gentlemen* from passing over it?”

“Prevent *gentlemen* from passing over it!” said Horace, in a tone of voice that implied a doubt of their meriting the appellation—“however,” continued he, “I would advise the *gentlemen*, in their future walks, to adopt a different method, if they wish to pursue them; or, instead of my making way for them to pass, I shall take care to stop their progress.”

“You

“You impertinent Jackanapes,” said the elder, giving him a violent blow with the cane he held in his hand—“is that the way you treat young men of fashion?” but, continued he, turning to his companion, “before Mr. Clifton has been a month amongst these Hampshire hogs, I fancy he will teach them a different kind of dialect.”—“Yes,” replied the other, “my father will soon civilize the brutes, and teach them the immense distance there is between a *boor* and a *gentleman* :”—so saying, they both leaped over the contested style, darting an indignant look at the object of their displeasure.

If Horace had felt an aversion to soliciting a favor, before he was acquainted with the disposition of the party who was to confer it, how much must it have been increased by this specimen; and so completely was he mortified by the treatment he had received, that he at first determined to return home without transacting his commission; but the fear of offending his
adopted

adopted parent, soon induced him to alter his resolution, and just as he reached the vicarage gate, he met several of his companions returning from it, who informed him the parson had been in a violent passion, and insisted upon their never presuming to go near his house again, as the milk was to be devoted to a very different purpose.

Though Horace felt hurt at the disappointment his parents would feel at being debarred their accustomed gratification, yet on his own account he rejoiced most heartily, as he would rather have lived upon bread and water than have received an obligation from people he despised: this was not the case either with Dobson or his wife, who finding the means of procuring the necessaries of life lessen with their years, heard the intelligence with grief and mortification.

Mr. Clifton's behaviour towards his parishioners was at once haughty, ungenerous,

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and oppressive, and there was not a single being in the whole village who did not heartily hate and despise him. It is natural to suppose that so unamiable an example must have a powerful influence upon his children's conduct; and, from the little specimen which has been related, neither principle or humanity could be expected from them.

The spirited manner in which Horace had resented their behaviour, had been the means of exciting their resentment; and, though they were too cowardly, openly to profess it, they secretly resolved to punish his temerity. A short time before the death of Mr. Manners, he had given Horace a little leveret; and, as he had it a few days after its birth, he had brought it up in habits of friendship and sociability, and the little animal had so completely conquered the timidity of its nature, that it would follow its master like a little spaniel.

One summer evening, as Horace was digging in his father's garden, accompanied, as usual, by his little favourite, the two Clifton's accidentally passed, and glancing an eye over the edge, beheld, with astonishment, the little hare eating familiarly by its master's side.

"Where did you get that little animal?" demanded Henry Clifton, in an authoritative tone—"And how did you contrive to tame the creature?"

"It was given me (said Horace) by the lamented friend, whose house you now reside in, sir; and I have tamed it by fondness and affection."

"Friend," exclaimed Henry, with an indignant sneer, "your *presumption* is equal to your *ignorance*, or you would never dare to use the term—but hear me boy, I'll buy the creature of you; so tell me what you'll have, and bring it here."

"You should not have it", said the insulted Horace, "if you would give me hundreds.

I value it too much, to sell it to a tyrant—besides, I told you it had been a gift, and therefore you might think it of double value.”

Henry’s indignation at the temerity of this speech, broke through all constraint; and, after using the most scurrilous language to the offender, he snatched up a large stone and, with too sure an aim, deprived the helpless animal of life.

Though Horace had heard his abuse and sarcasms without the slightest appearance of emotion, this instance of revenge and cruelty instantly roused his passion and resentment; and, throwing aside the spade he held in his hand, he ran across the garden, and, in an instant, vaulted on the other side the hedge. Cowardice and cruelty are generally combined; and the moment the Cliftons’ beheld his movement, they ran towards the vicarage with terror and rapidity, but were overtaken by their pursuer, before they had gone an hundred yards.

“Dastardly

“Dastardly coward!” exclaimed the breathless Horace, “if you are not as *paltry* as you are *cruel*, you’ll not refuse to fight the boy you’ve injured.”

“Fight!” said the trembling agitated Henry, “do you suppose I fight with mere plebeians?” “As you please for that,” said Horace, twisting the cane out of his hand, and laying it across his shoulders with all the violence he could, until Henry roared aloud for mercy, and promised to give him all the money in his pocket, to indemnify him for the loss of his little favourite.

“Keep your money for a better purpose,” said Horace, with indignity, and “remember that though a *gentleman* cannot condescend to *fight* with a *plebeian*, a *plebeian* has much gratification in *thrashing* a *gentleman*.” So saying, he broke the cane asunder, and walked composedly towards his home.

The moment Charles Clifton beheld Horace make an attack upon his brother, he

took to his heels with the utmost expedition; and, encountering the gardener in his way home, he intreated him to fly to Henry's assistance, declaring he believed he was in danger of being murdered, and the man arrived at the scene of action in a few moments after Horace had escaped from it.

As an adherence to truth was not amongst the number of Henry Clifton's virtues, he was not at a loss to fabricate a tale greatly to the prejudice of his insulted opponent, and, as his father gave perfect credit to his son's assertions, he was determined to be revenged for the indignity he had received, by insisting upon Horace being sent out of the neighbourhood.—With a determined air, and enraged countenance, the haughty Clifton entered the humble cottage; and, in a voice peremptory and authoritative, demanded “where the rascal, who had insulted his son, had secreted himself to avoid his vengeance?”

Dobson,

Dobson, who was totally ignorant of the transaction which had past, beheld his indignation with trembling astonishment; and in a tone of soothing humility, protested his ignorance of what his reverence meant, The entrance of Horace soon betrayed the secret; for Mr. Clifton had no sooner beheld him, than, regardless of the old man's prayers, he chastised him with a horsewhip, with inhuman severity, whilst Horace in vain endeavoured to break from the grasp of his too powerful arm.—This revenge, though cruel and unmanly, was far from satisfying the enraged prelate; and he informed the terrified Dobson, that unless the young rascal was sent out of the village, he should no longer occupy his present habitation.

The wanton barbarity of Henry Clifton, and the inhuman conduct of his father, were instantly forgotten by the much injured Horace, and the idea of having involved his aged parents in misfortune, alone occupied his

his generous feelings.—“ Oh ! let me go—send me away my dear, dear father,” said the agitated boy, grasping Dobson by the hand, and bursting into an agony of tears, “ for I can bear any thing better than making you unhappy !”

“ Send you away ?” replied the honest man, “ No, not for all the Parsons under Heaven ;” for God who hitherto has blest my labours, will still befriend me, though I quit my home !”—Sarah, who had been absent during the transactions which had just been related, beheld the agitation of her husband, and the grief of her adopted son, with a mixture of alarm, pity, and astonishment ; and, with all the eagerness of fondness and solicitude, demanded an explanation of the distressing scene.

The very idea of quitting an abode, in which she had passed five and thirty years in tranquility and peace, was a distress, which Sarah’s philosophy was not prepared to encounter ; and it was neither in the power

power of Dobson or Horace, to sooth or compose the violence of her agitation; and, after an evening spent in suggesting plans for avoiding the threatened evil, they retired to their respective apartments, with minds oppressed by grief, and tortured by apprehension,—and it was several hours before either of the party were enabled to obtain from sleep even a temporary alleviation of their sorrows—From this slight suspension of expected misfortune, they were suddenly aroused by a violent knocking at the cottage door, and a terrified exclamation of—*Fire at the Parson's!*

No sooner had the alarming sound reached the terrified ears of the generous Horace, than, forgetful of former injuries, he sprung out of bed, and, in less than ten minutes, was at the vicarage, which he found in a total blaze, and beheld the wretched master of it, frantic with terror, in all the agony of parental tenderness, conjuring the surrounding multitude to attempt

tempt the rescue of his sons, who were prevented from making their escape by the flames having extended to the stair-case, which led to their apartments, and the bruises he had received from jumping from his own window, entirely disabled him from offering any assistance to his unfortunate children.

As the love of *life* has a more powerful influence than the love of *gain*, not one of the encircling throng, would hazard the extinction of his own existence, for the sake of purchasing a precarious reward, though the agonized parent repeatedly offered the half of his fortune to any one who had courage to ascend a ladder, which was placed at the young mens' window, in the hope they would perceive it, and by that means effect their escape.

The idea of preserving a fellow creature's life, induced the magnanimous boy to become indifferent to his own; and, forcing his way through the gazing crowd, he
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darted suddenly upon the ladder, and springing in at the window, remained out of sight near the space of a minute; when, re-appearing with one of the boys on his back, he regained his footsteps, and calling to those who were nearest him, delivered his apparently lifeless burden into their care, and re-ascended in a moment; and in a few seconds, descended with the other body in the same situation, amidst the applauding shouts of the surrounding throng.

By necessary care, and proper applications, both boys were soon restored to the use of their faculties, which had been totally suspended by the suffocating power of the smোক, which entirely filled their apartments, and prevented them from making the slightest exertion to preserve their own existence.

The haughty Clifton, depressed by pain, and bowed down by misfortune, eagerly demanded to see the preserver of his children; and, when he beheld him in the person
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of the injured Horace, a mixture of shame, gratitude, and astonishment, for some moments, prevented him from expressing the various feelings which agitated his mind, but a sense of the important obligation he had just received, conquered every other sentiment; and, embracing him with the warmth of a friend and benefactor, he protested, from that moment, he would consider him in the light of a son, instead of a stranger, and that he should share both his fortune and affection with his other children.

Though Horace had completely proved that he neither felt the slightest degree of enmity or revenge against the authors of his injuries, yet there was a certain independence about his mind that revolted at the idea of receiving obligations from those he could neither love or esteem; and though he expressed his acknowledgments for Mr. Clifton's friendly intentions, he secretly resolved never to avail himself of them, preferring

ferring the humble situation to which he fancied he was entitled, either to competence or affluence, if it was only to be obtained through the medium of Mr. Clifton. The family of the Clifton's were immediately removed to the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, and the noble minded boy returned to the dwelling of his imaginary parents, elated with the idea of relieving the agitation of their feelings, by an assurance of their not being removed from their favourite residence, and gratified with the consoling reflection of having rescued the lives of two fellow-creatures.

A few days after the extraordinary circumstance which has just been related, as Dobson and his wife were commenting upon the magnanimous conduct of their adopted son, and expressing their apprehension that they should never live to see him restored to the arms of his *real parents*, they were unexpectedly surprised

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by the stoppage of an elegant travelling equipage at the door of their cottage, and perceiving a middle aged gentleman spring out of it, and, in a moment, enter their humble dwelling.

“My child ! my child” said the stranger in a hurried agitated voice, “in mercy tell me does he live ?”

“Yes, yes, indeed, he lives ! exclaimed” the delighted Sarah, “and lives the very image of his father.”—“Great God, I thank ye !” said the still more agitated parent, throwing himself on the nearest seat, scarcely able to articulate, from the violent conflict of his feelings ; but recovering himself in a few moments, he demanded—“but where, my worthy friends, is this darling pledge of my hapless Emma’s love ? in pity bring him to a father’s arms !” At that moment the cottage door opened, and Horace, unsuspecting of the happiness that awaited him, unexpectedly entered the room.

“My

“ My son ! my son ! ” exclaimed the enraptured parent, rising from his seat, and enfolding Horace in his extended arms—
“ Oh ! ” continued he, “ the extatic bliss of this unlooked-for moment ! ” then disengaging himself from the fond embrace, he gazed upon his son with a mixture of love and sorrow ; and bursting into an agony of tears, said, “ Oh, my Emma ! if it is permitted thy angelic spirit to partake of earthly happiness, how must thou share in that of thy fond husband ! ”

The sensations of the amiable boy were so totally new and various, that it was with the utmost difficulty he was able to express them ; but the moment he was sufficiently composed, to be sensible of the happiness that awaited him, the idea of being able to recompense the kindness he had received, filled his bosom with an extacy of delight ; and taking Sarah and her husband tenderly by the hand, “ now, my beloved father and mother,” said he, “ you

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will no longer be compelled to labour for your daily food ; for sure I am, my dear and new found parent will raise you far above your present situation."

" Yes, my beloved Horace," said the enraptured father, " both competence and wealth await your foster parents ; and, if I e'er forget the debt I owe them, may Heaven, in vengeance, snatch my treasure from me !"

Whilst the venerable pair were busily employed in making preparations for the refreshment of their guests, Horace was anxiously listening to his father's history, and discovering the cause of the extraordinary circumstance that had attended his introduction into Dobson's family. " The father of Mr. Lascells had, during his infancy, unfortunately married a second wife, who always considered him as a barrier to the fortune of her own child ; and endeavoured, by artifice and deception, to rob him of that affection to which his merits

so justly entitled him. Her schemes, though well conducted, failed of success, and she had the misery of seeing her son in law, at an early age, united to a woman both of rank and fortune; and living in a style suitable to such an alliance, whilst the darling object of her own tenderness (from being younger brother), was destined to fill a more subordinate station. A few months after the marriage of Mr. Horace Lascelles, his father was alarmed by the declining state of his health; and the physicians, unable to conquer the disease, strenuously advised a change of climate. Mrs. Lascells situation prevented her from accompanying him, and the doating husband was compelled to leave the darling object of his tenderness at the very moment she required its aid; who, in a short time after his departure, gave birth to the hero of the present tale, and instantly resigned her own existence. This circumstance, so melancholy in itself, was highly

pleasing to the inhuman Mrs. Lascells, who, believing her son-in-law past recovery, vainly imagined her husband's immense estate would all descend to her own offspring, as she was resolved to make him believe the hapless infant had shared its mother's fate. Splendid guilt too easily finds agents; and an old servant, deep in the interest of his iniquitous employer, undertook to place the child with some reputable nurse, and introduce it to her care as an offspring of his own, with the promise of paying a stated salary for its maintenance; this salary (though not large) was sufficient to corrupt a depraved mind; and he resolved it should be devoted to his own use, and that the infant should depend upon the charity of a parish. As he was revolving this scheme in his imagination, the idea struck him, that, at some future period, the important secret he was in the possession of, might be the means of making his fortune; and being acquainted with the pro-

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bity of Dobson's character, he resolved to commit the infant to his care, which he did in the manner which has already been described. Although the success of Mrs. Lascell's scheme fully answered her most sanguine wishes, as not the shadow of a doubt of the child's death ever occurred either to the mind of her husband or son, she soon had the mortification of hearing, that, notwithstanding the distress of the latter, for the loss of a beloved wife, he had regained that health of which he went in search; and, in addition to this misfortune, in less than a twelvemonth, she had the misery of losing that child for whom she had sacrificed virtue, principle, and feeling. For several years she endured all the horrors of a suspicious mind and a reproving conscience, and was tortured with the constant dread of being betrayed by the being who had aided the iniquitous plan. Unable to endure the painful conflict of her feelings, she, at length, resolved

solved to expose that guilt which had occasioned her so many anxious moments to conceal; and sending for the object whom she had so unjustly injured, she made a frank disclosure of the inhuman plot; at the same time assured him, the child was still alive, and that she had regularly paid twenty pounds a year for his maintenance; and to prove the truth of the assertion, she summoned the agent of her iniquity into her presence, for the purpose of corroborating the facts, and disclosing where the boy had been secreted. Alarmed, with apprehension, at the prospect of detected fraud, the sordid wretch invented a tale calculated to impose upon the agitated parent; and whilst the carriage was preparing to convey Mr. Lascells to the arms of an unexpectedly found child, he absconded from the house, leaving a scrip of paper on the table, avowing his guilty conduct, and declaring his ignorance whether Horace was still in existence. The agitation
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of Mr. Lascell's mind, at this unexpected intelligence, may be much more easily imagined than described; and tortured with the mingled emotions of hope, fear, and expectation, he arrived the same evening at the worthy cottager's abode.

As soon as Mr. Lascell's had partaken of the homely refreshment which had been prepared for him, by the hospitable pair, he retired, with his son, to the only inn the little village afforded; and was awoke, at an early hour the next morning, by the ringing of the bells and loud acclamations of joy, which burst from the honest rustics, who were all crowding round Horace, and expressing their felicity at his unexpected good fortune, whilst he was endeavouring to reconcile his venerable protectors to the temporary separation. Mr. Lascells experienced the most refined gratification at beholding the interesting scene, and by offering Dobson a farm upon his own estate, and assuring him that Horace should
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be his daily guest, relieved the sorrow which had arose from an apprehension of their being separated from the darling object of their mutual tenderness.

Never were the lessons which the worthy Mr. Manners had taken so much pains to inculcate upon the generous mind of his young favorite, more strikingly exemplified, than in his conduct to his grandmother, who, for some time, could not behold the being, whom she had so unjustly injured, without a painful mixture of embarrassment and remorse; but which his dutiful attention, and gentle sweetness, at length enabled her to surmount; and the same magnanimous mode of forgiving injuries, which marked his actions in his conduct towards the Cliftons', was again displayed towards his unamiable relation.

The little awkwardness which was visible in his manners upon his first introduction into genteel society, imperceptibly wore away upon his mixing in the world; and

and those talents, which nature had so abundantly bestowed, were then cultivated, with an attentive care, that soon rendered him, at once, a pleasing and instructive companion. The unexpected comforts, so liberally bestowed upon the first protectors of this amiable boy, lengthened their existence beyond the usual date ; and the filial fondness he, unremittingly, displayed, shewed both the affection and gratitude of his feelings

The amiable qualities which had adorned his youthful character, ripened into excellencies as he attained the age of manhood ; and he was, at once, an ornament to his sex, and a blessing to his father, at whose death, he came into the possession of estates to the value of a hundred thousand pounds, which was devoted to the noble purposes of rewarding virtue, exalting merit, and alleviating misfortune ; and when the period arrived which terminated his valued existence, he expired with the blessings

sings of the rich, the poor, the friendless,
and the unfortunate; and was interred in
the chapel belonging to the estate, with
the following inscription engraven on his
tomb :—

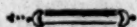
Here rests a form with every manly grace,
Here lies a heart with every virtue stor'd;
The wretched's friend—an honour to his race,
Alike respected, valued, and ador'd!

Horace Lascells, Ob. Aug. 2d. Æ. 54.



LAMBERT

LAMBERT DARLINGTON.



LAMBERT DARLINGTON was the second son of a baronet of that name, who, having amassed a considerable fortune in the East Indies, resolved to add *dignity* to his *wealth*, by the *purchase* of a *title*. Had the little hero of the present history been introduced to the acquaintance of his youthful readers as the presumptive heir to an immense property, some extraordinary circumstances might have been expected to attend even the infantine state of so great a personage; but as he will not appear as a consequential character in the bosom of his family during that period of his life, I shall silently pass over the first eight years of it, and present him to the world without either the auxiliary ad-

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vantage of a fine person, or the *natural one*, of *parental fondness*.

Lambert's misfortunes might, with justice, have been said to commence previous to his existence ; for, by an eccentric whim in Lady Darlington's father, the greatest part of his immense fortune was to devolve to her second child (provided it proved to be a female) ; but, if the other sex appeared, five thousand pounds was all it could receive, and the remaining sum was destined for the use of public charities.

This extraordinary distribution of property, induced both Sir Thomas and Lady Darlington to look forward to the birth of a *second* child, with no less solicitude than they had done a *first* ; and when they were informed it had appeared in a male character, the disappointment of their hopes destroyed the tenderness of their feelings ; and the idea of losing, from that circumstance, the valuable acquisition of eighty thousand pounds, seemed totally to have eradicated

eradicated every parental impression; and, instead of thinking he had a claim upon their affection, they appeared to consider him as an *interloper* in the family, whose presence had been the means of lessening their fortunes.

This prejudice, so unnatural and unjust, was extended throughout the whole family; and, in addition to parental coldness, was added the mortifying degradation of domestic incivility, and fraternal hatred; and the unfortunate boy was treated as an alien in a house where he had an hereditary claim both to *affection* and *respect*.

Never were dispositions more completely opposite than those of the two brothers; and never were parents so completely insensible of the blessing they enjoyed in the possession of the one, or the misfortune that awaited them in the person of the other, as Sir Thomas and Lady Darlington. Their elder son (who was about two years older than Lambert), was

proud, artful, obstinate, and overbearing; and, in addition to these unamiable qualities, was united a total disregard to truth, which so completely influenced his conversation, that no dependence could be placed on any thing he asserted; and, to escape punishment himself, or to get it inflicted on his brother, he would not only fabricate the grossest falsehoods, but maintain them with all the appearance of plausibility and truth.

Amongst the different virtues, which, at a very early age, were conspicuous in the mind of the hero of these memoirs, was his strict adherence to *veracity*, and his uniform perseverance in the cause of *truth*, from which, no fear of anger, or dread of punishment, could ever induce him, in the slightest instance, to deviate. His spirit (naturally high), was *lowered*, but not *broken* by *unkindness*, though his temper, which was peculiarly amiable, induced him
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to submit, without repining, to the repeated instances he received of it.

As neither Sir Thomas or Lady Darlington could bear the idea of parting from the object of their affection, or of suffering him to encounter the hardships of a public school, a clergyman, of extensive erudition, was engaged as private tutor, who, perceiving the little credit he was likely to obtain from the employment, soon gave up so unpleasing a task; and the situation was then filled by a man of low extraction, who had been some years usher in a noted seminary. This person, whose name was Walters, was possessed of an *artful*, though not a deep understanding; and perceiving that the good opinion of Sir Thomas would depend rather upon *flattering*, than *correcting* the failings of his son, he might be said to have ministered to those imperfections the boy unfortunately derived from nature. As Lady Darlington (notwithstanding her partiality) could not avoid

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perceiving

perceiving, that the understanding of her younger son was far superior to that of her elder, she resolved to deprive him of those advantages which would have made that pre-eminence more striking; and whilst Maurice was introduced (when quite a child) into all company, his unoffending brother was totally confined to the nursery, and was not taken from the care of a female servant until he had attained his eighth year, when he was placed under the tuition of Mr. Walters, with the indirect suggestion, that he was not to be *suffered* to surpass the hopeful heir to their estates, in any of those studies they were mutually to engage in.

Maurice, who had hitherto treated Lambert with all the consequential airs of manifest superiority, could not even bear the idea of a *competitor* in the path of science; and when he found, that in spite of Walter's inattention to his brother, the aspiring boy, in a very short time, became the bet-

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ter scholar, the mortification of his feelings increased the hatred in his heart, and each day afforded some new instance of malignant envy, or ungoverned passion.

Though Sir Thomas Darlington was absolutely blind to the imperfections of his favourite son's heart, he could not long remain so to the imbecility of his mind; and when he drew a comparison between the understandings of his two children, he could not help feeling a kind of *parental pride* in the younger, which, in some degree, compensated for his *want* of *tenderness*, and induced him to treat the amiable boy with a degree of attention, which, at once, gratified and delighted him.

This alteration in Sir Thomas's conduct, was an additional stimulative to the diligence of his son; and, whilst Maurice was amusing himself in the most childish occupations, Lambert used to be constantly employed in the cultivation of his mind; and those themes which the former was under
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the necessity of shewing to his father, were always executed by Mr. Walters.

Amongst the numerous guests with which Darlington hall was frequently crouded, was an elderly maiden lady of the name of Maurice, who, from possessing a very large fortune, and being nearly related to Sir Thomas, was treated with peculiar respect by every part of the family; and Maurice (who was named after her), was taught to believe he would certainly inherit the bulk of this immense property. The lady, who was endowed with a thousand amiable qualities, had, to counterbalance them, a few peculiarities, and amongst this number, might be ranked an inconceivable fondness for every part of the animal creation, and a particular one for every thing in the form of a cat, however ugly, or misshapen. This preference, though gratifying to herself, was attended with inconvenience to all her friends, as she never went out to pay a visit without being accompanied

accompanied by one or two of her favourites. Poor Lambert was particularly annoyed by this unfortunate partiality, as he had felt, from his infancy, an invincible aversion to the charming objects of his cousins attachment, though he never displayed it to their injury.

To a mind less liberal than Mrs. Maurice's, this aversion might have been prejudicial ; but she saw so much to *admire* in the character of her young relation, that she entirely overlooked his inattention to her pets, and was continually extolling his conduct in his parents presence, and condemning the behaviour of their eldest son. This preference was too striking to escape the observation of the designing boy ; and mortified and enraged at the prospect of being rivalled, he resolved to destroy her good opinion, by impressing her mind with a belief of Lambert's cruelty.

To accomplish this scheme, required some little contrivance, and a variety of plans

plans were suggested and declined ; but going by accident into the gardener's seed-house, he saw the man busy in laying poison for the rats, and sliding a small quantity of it into his pocket ; he resolved to give it to the favourite cat the first convenient opportunity he could find, and convince Mrs. Maurice the deed had been his brother's.

This inhuman, artful design, he found very little difficulty in executing ; for, as he was constantly in the habits of caressing the animal (by way of obtaining the good opinion of its mistress), it always came whenever he called it ; and, under pretence of giving it a piece of chicken, he offered it the arsenic wrapped in a little butter ; and, the moment dinner was over, quitted the room, with an intention of procuring a little more of the poison, and artfully substituting it in the place of his brother's pounce, and returned in time to partake of the desert.

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The unfortunate animal soon became uneasy, and, in less than an hour, seemed tortured with poison, and endeavoured to obtain relief from its mistress, by incessant motion and plaintive cries! Lambert's feelings were under the influence of tenderness; and, though he really had an unconquerable aversion to the cat, yet he could not bear to behold its sufferings, and intreated Mrs. Maurice would let him run for the apothecary, who might probably give it something to relieve its pain!

A proposal so congenial to the lady's wishes, could not fail meeting her warmest approbation, and Lambert flew from the distressing scene with the humane intention of procuring some assistance. "How benevolently tender is that amiable lad's heart," exclaimed Mrs. Maurice as he closed the door, "for he certainly has an antipathy to cats; yet observe, Sir Thomas, how anxious he is to obtain relief for the *poor animal*!" "He *knows*, I fancy, madam,"

madam," (replied Maurice), in a tone of irony, "the luckless creature is past all assistance—or else, perhaps, he would not be in *haste to fetch it*."

"Why so, my love," said Lady Darlington; "Lambert may be a very clever fellow, but still not able to *forsee events*!"

"Oh, mama," retorted Maurice, "there is no great skill required in *foreseeing an event*, he, perhaps, may be the occasion of occurring, though I do not, positively, *say it is so*."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the astonished Mrs. Maurice, "can Lambert have been guilty of such baseness! Oh, my poor helpless victim!" she continued, turning towards the dying animal, "and, will thy life be sacrificed to cruelty?" then bursting into a fresh agony of tears, she reproached Maurice with not having *cautioned her* against the detestable design.

Maurice, with well-feigned sorrow, assured her he had never thought his brother capable

capable of such a deed ; though he had frequently heard him declare, he certainly would poison the animal, was he not fearful of being discovered—but, *that apprehension* would prevent him from making the attempt ; yet, the moment he saw the torture the poor creature endured, and observed Lambert's embarrassed manner, he was convinced he had accomplished his design, and he was certain he only went for the apothecary to *prevent his father from observing his confusion.*

“ If,” said Sir Thomas, (colouring with indignation), I find he has been guilty of the act, from henceforth I will disown him for a son ; for such premeditated baseness in a boy, must bring disgrace upon his whole connections.”

The violence of the poor animal's complaints, at this moment, arrested the attention of the whole party ; and, as they were gazing at, without being able to relieve her, she gave a sudden spring from

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the cushion on which she had been laid, and running round the room with an effort of violence, gave a convulsive groan, and instantly expired!

Sir Thomas Darlington immediately quitted the apartments, and turning towards the village where the apothecary lived, perceived Lambert approaching with the utmost expedition. "Oh, Sir!" said he, as he drew near his father, half breathless with fatigue, "Mr. Denton was not at home; but his shop-man has given me something for the poor animal, which, he tells me, will certainly do it good, so I will run on as fast as my legs will carry."

"*Stop, Hypocrite!*" exclaimed his father in a stern tone of voice, catching him with violence, by the arm, as he was attempting to pass by him, "and tell me where you bought that destructive drug you had the *cruelty* to give the unoffending creature!"

"Drug,

“*Drug, Sir!*” replied the astonished boy, evidently alarmed at his father angry countenance—“*buy a drug, Sir!*”—

“Yes, sir, *buy a drug,*” said the exasperated baronet, (at the same time shaking him with violence) “prevarication will not do with me; and I read *guilt* in every artful feature—tell me,” continued he, still exalting his voice, “who was it sold you the pernicious poison?”

“*Indeed, indeed,* sir, I am accused unjustly,” said the still agitated Lambert, “I never touched, or saw, or bought the poison; and who would dare to tell me to my face, I ever even *thought* of such an action?”

“Your *brother dare,*” replied Sir Thomas; “but come along, sir, for I must scan this business pretty closely, and if (which heaven avert) I find you *guilty*, you lose me from that moment for a father.” Notwithstanding the conscious rectitude of the amiable boy’s feelings, and the con-

viction he had that no proof of guilt could be found upon him ; yet the agitation of his mind at the unexpected severity of his father, so completely overpowered his feelings, that it was with the utmost difficulty he reached the house ; which, as they entered, Sir Thomas bade him follow him to the study. Maurice had purposely placed himself at his writing-desk, and was in the very act of scratching out a word, just as his father entered at the door. “ Lend me your pounce-box,” said the artful boy, “ for mine is empty, from more frequent use.” Lambert’s heart was too full, to allow him to pay attention to his brother’s request ; who, rising from the stool on which he had been sitting, fetched the powder which he had required. — “ This is not pounce !” said the deceitful Maurice, rubbing the arsenic on the ruffled paper. — “ What is it, sir ?” continued he, carelessly addressing himself to Sir Thomas, who

who had not articulated a word from the moment he had entered the room.

Roused from the disorder of his own reflections, by the interrogation of his *favourite son*, Sir Thomas walked immediately to the desk, and taking a small portion of the powder upon the end of his finger, darted a furious glance at the unconscious Lambert, at the same time desiring him to quit the room, and furiously declaring, he would never see him more.

Though the circumstances were *strong*, that indicated Lambert's guilt, yet his being condemned without even being permitted to offer any extenuation for the crime, struck Mrs. Maurice as palpable injustice; and, though she alone had been the sufferer by its perpetration, she endeavoured to prevail upon his parents to mitigate the punishment; but no persuasion could avail, and, on the following day, the devoted victim of fraternal hatred was banished from the presence of his enraged parents, and sent to

the school where Walters had been usher, without obtaining his request of being honoured with their blessing.

The susceptible mind of the amiable Lambert sunk under the pressure of this severe misfortune ; and whilst his brother was enjoying the success of his iniquity, he was wasting his youth in melancholy and dejection, without a friend to sooth or commiserate his situation, as the malicious Walters, who accompanied him to the place of banishment, published the cause of his being sent there ; and, on the proceeding morning, when he entered the school, he found the following lines pasted on his desk :—

As each boy in the school always bears a nick-name,
Your's, Sir, is the *killer of cats* ;
But should you not think it *exalteth* your fame,
We'll call you the *patron of rats*.

The mortification he endured whilst perusing these lines, is more easily to be
imagined

imagined than described ; and he resolved never to attempt associating with boys who had unanimously offered him so gross an insult. This resolution he strictly adhered to ; and the moment the close of school allowed him an opportunity of shunning their society, he always retired to his own apartment, where he generally passed the intervening hours in melancholy reflections upon his unfortunate situation.

Though Walters had given the master of the school an absolute prejudice against his pupil, yet the condescension of his manners, and the superiority of his understanding, counteracted the illiberal impression, and he soon experienced an involuntary regard, and frequently invited him to pass the evening in his society. In one of these friendly intercourses, Mr, Milford (which was the master's name) touched upon the subject that occasioned him to be sent from home, and offered to write Sir Thomas an account of his admirable conduct,

duct, which the amiable boy gratefully declined, saying, that as his father would not allow him to convince him of his own innocence, it was not likely he could feel interested in his present behaviour; and, as his *justification* must prove his brother's *disgrace*, he would patiently submit to the stigma that had been thrown upon him.

Although the servants at Darlington hall had, during the period of Lambert's childhood, treated him with indifference and inattention, yet, as he advanced in years, the gentleness of his manners won their affection, and they not only bewailed his loss with the most hearty sorrow, but felt convinced in their own minds he had *not* been accessory to the animal's death. The dairy maid, from whom Maurice had received the butter, at the time she had given it, was very ill with an ague, and, as she went to her mother's immediately afterwards, she never heard of the death of the
cat

cat until her health was re-established, and she returned to the hall, which was two months after it had happened. A combination of circumstances roused the servants' suspicion; the dairy maid had given Maurice a piece of butter, which she saw him put in a little china-box; the butler had observed him feed the dog at dinner, and the upper house-maid had found the box in his coat-pocket on the following day, which she had taken out before the footman brushed it, and had totally forgotten to return it to the young gentleman.

The various opinions that were given upon these subjects, afforded ample matter of conversation for the party in the kitchen, and was conveyed to the ear of Mrs. Maurice (who had been confined to her room with a fever), by a favourite attendant, who had been many years in her service.

The little concern Maurice had testified at the banishment of an only brother, united
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to his having been, in great measure, the occasion of it, gave Mrs. M. so complete an aversion to his character, that it was with difficulty she could treat him with bare civility; and Sir Thomas and Lady Darlington began to apprehend, that by having exposed the blameable conduct of their younger son, they had hazarded the loss of her immense fortune out of their family, as they were convinced, by her treatment to the elder, she never intended bestowing it on him.

No sooner had Mrs. Pliant (which was the attendant's name) made her lady acquainted with the suspicions that were circulated through the family, than she instantly espoused the injured Lambert's cause, and, without assigning her reasons either to Sir Thomas, or Lady Darlington, on the following morning quitted the hall; but instead of going to her seat in Berkshire, ordered the coachman to drive to Mr. Milford's academy, where she did not arrive until the day had nearly closed.

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The injured Lambert was sitting at his window, in a dejected posture, with his head resting on his hand, when his attention was suddenly aroused by a chariot and four, driving furiously up to the gate, and casting a glance upon the liveries, instantly recognized them to be Mrs. Maurice's. A variety of new sensations crowded rapidly on his mind. Hope, fear, joy, and apprehension, by turns, agitated his trembling frame, and, it was with the utmost difficulty he could attend the summons, which, in the course of a few minutes, he received from Mr. Milford.

Mrs. Maurice rose upon his entrance, and taking him affectionately by the hand, said, "Am not *I* a very *spirited old woman*, Lambert, to take a journey of near fifty miles after a boy of fourteen?"

"Your are very *kind* ma'am," replied Lambert, whilst the tears *trembled* in his eyes, "to take any trouble after an unfortunate

fortunate being, who has been discarded by all his family !”

“ That is the very *cause* of my exertion in his favour,” continued the old lady, “ but tell me briefly, my dear, were you *accessary* to the *death* of the poor animal, or were you *not* ?”

“ I was *not*, upon my honour, madam,” replied Lambert ; “ and, why I should have been *suspected*, or who could put the arsenic in my desk, I even *now* am *ignorant*. ”

“ Dear injured boy ! (said Mrs. Maurice) I will discover who has been your *foe*, though much I fear it is your *artful brother*, who, with a deep, malevolent *design*, resolved to ruin you in *my opinion* ; but I will *expose* the iniquitous proceeding, and make Sir Thomas punish the offender. ”

“ Expose my brother, madam ! No, in pity spare him, for I am sure it would break my mother’s heart ; think how she loves and
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boats upon him ; and could she bear to hear his failings published ? perhaps I might, *unknowingly*, offend him, and he believe I did it with *design* ; but I would sooner suffer *blame* myself, than have the *failings* of my *brother known* !”

“ Generous fellow, how much your conduct charms me,” said Mrs. Maurice, “ how few could act so praiseworthy a part towards one who had behaved with so much *malice* ; but you shall never more be subject to it. Henceforth, your residence shall be with me, and happy shall I feel with such a dear companion.”

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of a servant with a variety of refreshments, followed by Mrs. Milford, who easily persuaded Mrs. Maurice to alter her plan of sleeping at the inn, and accept of a bed at her house ; and the next morning a servant was sent express to Darlington hall, with a letter to Sir Thomas, from Mrs. Maurice, informing him of the inno-

cence of his youngest son, and obliquely hinting her suspicions of the scandalous conduct of the eldest; at the same time, expressing her intention of recompensing the former for the *injustice* he had suffered, by immediately adopting him as her own child, on condition she was permitted constantly to enjoy his society, and to give him those advantages to which, as *sole heir* to her *property*, he was entitled; and, to strengthen this *request*, or rather this *demand*, the following letter was addressed to Sir Thomas, from his amiable son:—

“ My dear and honoured Father,

“ Though I dared not presume to address either you or my mother at the painful moment of our separation, yet, as I indulge the hope of being restored to your favour through the intercession of my kind friend, Mrs. Maurice, I venture to hope you will grant me the indulgence of a few lines, to
assure

assure me of that *forgiveness* I have so long wished to receive, and to favour me with that *blessing* I shall so carefully endeavour to merit. Oh, my dear Sir, did you but know how much I suffered at having innocently incurred your displeasure, you would not refuse me this compensation for it, which I shall consider as a lasting obligation.

“ Mrs. Maurice’s letter will have acquainted you, sir, with her generous intention towards me, if her proposal meets with yours and Lady Darlington’s approbation ; but I beg leave to assure you, that if you have different views for me, I shall submit, without repining, to whatever they may be ; for, though *fortune* is certainly a very *desirable thing*, yet I should feel so much pleasure in showing a *ready obedience* to your wishes, that I should not regret its loss ; though, in justice to the obligation I owe dear Mrs. Maurice, I cannot help saying, that I hope I shall receive

your permission to accompany her into Berkshire.

“ With the most respectful attention to Lady Darlington, and affectionate regard to my brother,

“ I am, honoured Sir,

“ Your dutiful and affectionate son,

“ LAMBERT DARLINGTON.”

The apprehension both Sir Thomas and Lady Darlington had felt, lest the fortune of their relation should centre in a different branch of the family, induced them to give a ready concurrence to her request; and though they had experienced some degree of mortification at the imaginary cruelty of Lambert's conduct, they were shocked at the idea of his exculpation being produced at the expence of their *favourite's* character; and though they could not avoid giving credit to Mrs. Maurice's insinuation, they resolved not to *appear to do it*, but to throw all the stigma upon Walters, who had

had quitted the family in consequence of some dispute between him and Lady Darlington.

Mrs. Maurice remained the guest of the hospitable Mr. and Mrs. Milford, until her servant returned from the hall with the anxiously expected letters, when she immediately set out for her elegant retreat, where Lambert was introduced to all the neighbouring families as her intended heir, and adopted son, and soon became so great a favourite amongst the whole circle of her acquaintance, that his society was courted by them all; but, as he was emulous in the prosecution of his studies, he very seldom accepted any of their flattering invitations, until his tutor pronounced him perfectly qualified to obtain admission at Oxford; when, during the vacation, he used to accompany his venerable relation in all her neighbouring visits.

As Mrs. Maurice advanced in years, her disinclination to taking long journeys, in-

duced her to persuade Sir Thomas to change the method of communication, and, instead of her annually going to Darlington hall, the whole family regularly passed three of the summer months in Berkshire; and, if Lambert's behaviour to his brother, as a boy, was noble and disinterested, as a young man, it became generous and affectionate; for he would frequently deprive himself of a thousand little indulgences, for the amiable purpose of bestowing the money upon his brother, whose natural propensity to every species of extravagance, rendered him constantly under difficulties, notwithstanding the very liberal allowance he received from his father.

The sudden and unexpected death of Sir Thomas Darlington put this thoughtless, inexperienced young man into the possession of a fortune of upwards of fifteen thousand a year, a few months after he came of age; and the gratification he derived, from escaping parental authority, seemed

seemed totally to destroy those filial sensations he ought to have felt as a son ; and whilst Lambert was sincerely lamenting the loss of a father who had never treated him with *tenderness*, the *ungrateful object*, on whom it had been *bestowed*, was busily employed in augmenting his stud, and purchasing hounds ; and, in less than five years, by an excess of extravagance and folly, reduced himself to absolute beggary.

At this period, the death of our hero's amiable benefactress gave him an opportunity of saving his unworthy brother from that eternal ruin in which madness and intemperance had involved him ; for the moment he came into possession of his fortune, he settled two thousand a year of it upon him, with this restriction only, that it could neither be *mortgaged* or *sold* ; for, as the thoughtless Sir Maurice had involved a beautiful young woman in his *ruin*, Mr.
Darlington

Darlington was determined to secure that property for her support and comfort.

The dowager, lady Darlington, purchased a small villa within a few miles of her youngest son's seat, in Berkshire, where his filial attention to her in the decline of life was, at once, a *consolation* and a *reproach*, for she could not help accusing herself for denying him those tender-nesses in his infantine and boyish days, which, from relationship and virtue, he had so just a right to claim.

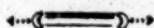
If, as a boy, the amiable Lambert obtained the approbation of those who knew him, as a man he claimed both their admiration and esteem; for, as a husband, a parent, a friend, and a master, he conducted himself with the highest credit, and was, at once, an ornament and an honour to his sex. His years flowed in an undisturbed current of felicity; and his children, happy in the blessing of such a parent, vied with each other in testifying their obedience,

dience. His existence was lengthened beyond the usual date, and he expired in the arms of his beloved companion, in the seventy-third year of his age, after an illness of only three days, when the following lines were inscribed to his memory :—

Beneath this sculptur'd marble tomb,
The mortal fabrick lies;
Of one, who from his earliest bloom,
Look'd forward to the skies!

The virtues that adorn'd his youth,
In rich succession ran,
Until religion, honour, truth,
Composed the perfect man!

Lambert Darlington, Ob. Jan. 31, Æ. 73.
1798.

DUNCAN MALCOLM.

AT the extremity of a beautiful village, in one of the most romantic parts of the north of England, stood a venerable Gothic priory, which had formerly been the scene of religious sanctity, or monkish superstition, but had latterly been occupied by the sons of honest industry and laborious toil ; for, as the lands around this ancient structure were particularly calculated for pasturage, the farmer, who rented them from the crown, likewise tenanted the mansion which stood upon them, part of which he let to a young beautiful widow, who was strongly recommended by the rector of the parish, and who, soon after her establishment in this retired abode, became the parent of a lovely boy.

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The amiable father of the hero of this tale, was the second son of a Scotch nobleman, who having been quartered at Carlisle, with the regiment in which he had a commission, became tenderly attached to the daughter of a clergyman in that place, and despairing of receiving his father's consent to a marriage so far inferior to himself in point of rank, persuaded the object of his tenderness to consent to a private union ; and, in a few months after it had taken place, was ordered to the Continent, where, in fighting against the enemies of his country, he lost a life which had neither been tarnished by cowardice, or disgraced by shame.

The birth of the lovely little Duncan was, at once, a source of distress and joy to the beautiful author of his existence, who, in endeavouring to trace a resemblance in his features to those of his lamented father, would sit whole hours in speechless agony, until cheered by the smile
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of infantine simplicity, she lost a sense of *present sorrow* in the soothing reflection of his future fondness.

The sudden death of Mrs. Malcolm's father, soon after the departure of her beloved husband, had been the occasion of her applying to the friendship of Mr. Addington, who, anxious to have her near his hospitable abode, persuaded her to become an inhabitant of the priory, for the purpose of paying her those attentions which, at a greater distance, he could not have bestowed, and which the natural liberality of his disposition induced him to feel so much gratification in performing.

The confined state of Mrs. Malcolm's income compelled her to deny herself a thousand little indulgences which she had been accustomed to in early life; for, as her husband had been totally dependent on his father, he was unable to make the slightest provision either for his wife or child, therefore she was under the necessity

city of subsisting upon the interest of her little fortune, the principal of which was safely secured upon the pledge of their mutual love.

To obviate the distress an attached husband must naturally feel at the prospect of leaving a wife, on whom he doated, under any pecuniary embarrassment, Captain Malcolm delivered, into the care of his reverend friend, an interceding letter to his father, explaining his motives for marrying without his consent, and conjuring him, in the most solemn manner, to become the protector of his wife and child, with directions to have it forwarded to Scotland, in case of any accident happening to him during the campaign; but, otherwise, to remain in the possession of the worthy rector.

This letter, which was sent a short time after the melancholy news arrived, for some weeks received no answer; but, upon Mr. Addington addressing a second to his

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lordship,

lordship, a reply was written, dictated with all the haughtiness of insulted dignity, protesting against the *legality* of such a *marriage*, and positively declaring a disbelief that any such had ever taken place, and expressing an opinion that the letter (which had the appearance of being Captain Malcolm's writing), was an artful forgery, calculated to impose upon parental fondness, and would be treated with the contempt and inattention it deserved.

The generous mind of the worthy rector was deeply wounded by this unexpected inhumanity ; but as the proofs of the marriage were in his possession, and the witnesses were living to bear it testimony, he thought it better to let the matter rest until time had cooled the violence of displeasure, or principle had pointed out the path of duty.

Having thus far premised our hero's situation with regard to his connections with, and claims upon his elevated relations, I shall

shall introduce him to the more immediate acquaintance of his young readers at the moment he entered his ninth year, when Mr. Addington undertook to be his preceptor; and he went regularly to the rectory every morning, either attended by his mother, or her only domestic.

In one of these daily peregrinations, as Duncan was carelessly running by the side of his mama, and entertaining her with a number of little juvenile tales, the thread of his narrative was suddenly broken, by the plaintive cries, for mercy, of a little girl about two years older than himself, whom a boy, about her own size, was beating violently on the other side of the hedge.

As Duncan was possessed both of agility and strength, he instantly sprung over the hedge, and catching the boy by the collar, exclaimed, "What coward, *strike a girl!* Oh! I'll have you hooted through all the town, you dastardly fellow, that I

will, and I'll fight you in the bargain, if you have courage enough to attack me; but you look like a *sneaking, shabby, cowardly poltroon*, and I dare say, you are afraid to *touch me*."

"No," replied the boy, in a sullen tone, "I am not afraid to *touch you*; but I have sprained my wrist in trying to take a basket from her, and so you would be sure to beat me. By this time Mrs. Malcolm had joined the little group, and, upon enquiring into the cause of the affray, found that the little girl, who was a gardner's daughter, had been sent by her father with a present of peaches to Mr. Addington, and, upon being overtaken by her cowardly assailant, he asked her to *give him one of them*, which, when she refused, he not only attempted to snatch the basket from her, but treated her in the manner which has been related.

This instance of Duncan's humanity and courage, not only established his
fame

fame among his own sex, but made him a universal favourite with the other ; and the boy, who would voluntarily espouse the cause of a *gardner's* daughter, would certainly become the champion of every *young lady* in the parish ; indeed, Duncan's disposition was so perfectly amiable, that, from an instinctive impulse, he was inclined to *defend* whatever he considered as *defenceless* ; and, to render this propensity still more permanent, he derived, from nature, a constitutional bravery that could neither submit to *insult*, or support oppression.

Mr. Addington's family consisted of two sons and a daughter, the former of whom were rather older than our hero, and the latter about six months younger. Eustace, the elder of the two boys, was of a similar disposition to his friend at the priory ; but Christopher was one of those unamiable tempers that is continually tormenting itself with its own caprices and ill-humour.

Peevish, suspicious, quarrelsome, and fretful, he was continually engaged in altercations and disputes ; and, unable to enjoy either cheerfulness or gaiety, he was never so happy as when he could frustrate it in others ; but the general sufferer from his untoward temper, was the gentle, mild, and engaging Emily, although her cause was warmly espoused both by her brother Eustace, and her friend Duncan, the latter of whom, before he was twelve years old, had fought as many battles in vindicating her rights.

Mr. Addington's friendship and affection for his pupil, was almost equal to his tenderness for his own children ; and, knowing him to be a boy of an aspiring disposition, he thought he was doing him a palpable piece of injustice, by suffering him to remain in so retired a situation, when, from his birth and connections, he might be thrown into a station where his talents and abilities would shine with peculiar lustre ;
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and he resolved to make a personal application to Lord Malcolm, and take with him the man servant, who had been one of the witnesses to his son's marriage.

A few days after Mr. Addington had quitted the rectory, for the benevolent purpose of establishing the child of his friend in a situation to which he was, by birth, entitled, as Mrs. Malcolm and her son were one evening walking on the high road that led to Scotland, the former found herself suddenly indisposed, and complaining of a violent giddiness in her head, leaned against a tree to prevent falling.

Duncan's agitation at beholding the altered countenance of his beloved parent, was visible in every look and gesture ; and, whilst he alternately embraced her face and hands, he conjured her to let him try and support her to the priory, fearing the night would overtake them if they remained any longer in their present situation. Mrs. Malcolm, anxious to assuage the terrors of her
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son, immediately made the desired effort ; but, before she had proceeded twenty paces, a total lassitude overspread her frame, and sinking through the arms that were endeavouring to support her, she fell senseless on the ground !

“ Oh, my mother ! my beloved dearest mother ! ” exclaimed the tortured boy, loosening her cravat, and bathing her pallid face with tears, “ for God’s sake speak to me—look at me ! Oh, she’s dead ! she’s dead ! ” he continued, rising from the ground, and calling loud for help. At that moment, a travelling chariot drove furiously down the hill, when Duncan, with all the swiftness he could urge, ran screaming after, calling to the servant who attended, to stop, and help him to save his dying mother !

The noise of the carriage wheels prevented the man from hearing the request ; but a gentleman within, accidentally putting down the glass, immediately perceived his
young

young pursuer, and calling to the drivers, stopped their course.

“ Oh, Sir ! my mother—my mother !” said the breathless boy, “ will you come to my dying mother ?”—“ Where is she ?” replied an elderly gentleman, immediately opening the chariot door, and springing out of it. “ Here—here, only a little way off,” continued Duncan ; the stranger followed the agitated boy to the spot where he had left his languid parent, who had so far recovered from the faintness with which she had been seized, as to be able to answer the tender enquiries of the attached Duncan, whose joy, at finding her so much better, was displayed in the most rapturous and lively expressions. The chariot had, by this time, turned round, and reached the spot where Mrs. Malcolm lay, when a boy, apparently about fifteen, said, in a sullen tone of voice, “ Well, Mr. Gibbon, as the *woman is better*, we need not be detained any longer ; and I think

think we are already in danger of not reaching Carlisle before it is dark."

"I shall certainly do myself the pleasure of conveying the lady *home*, Mr. Martin," replied the gentleman in a tone of vexation and displeasure, "even at the hazard of our not reaching Carlisle at all; therefore, 'Thomas,'" continued he, "put your arms under the lady, and let us lift her into the carriage."

The insolence and brutality of the young stranger's manner, was not unnoticed by the agitated Duncan, who, darting at him a look of indignant contempt, expressed his acknowledgment to his humane companion in the most grateful language, and then desired the drivers to follow him, adding, that he should not detain the gentlemen many minutes, as they were not more than a quarter of a mile from home.

The motion of the carriage had again brought on Mrs. Malcolm's faintness; and, when stopped at the abbey gate, the benevolent

nevolent Mr. Gibbon was under the necessity of lifting her out of it in the same manner she had been placed in, whilst his sullen fellow traveller refused to lend the least assistance, and would not have quitted his station, had not the drivers informed him a spoke in one of the wheels had given way, and that it would be necessary to have it repaired before they could proceed, and he then entered the room into which Mrs. Malcolm had been carried, without even taking off his hat.

Mr. Gibbon's attention had been so entirely occupied in administering restoratives to the still languid invalid, that he had scarcely observed the countenance of her son; but what was his astonishment when he heard the servant address him by a name familiar to his ear, and saw, in every feature, the exact resemblance to his lamented pupil!

"*Malcolm!*" said he, addressing himself to the servant, "did you call him *Malcolm?*"

Malcolm?”—“Yes,” replied the woman (who had lived with Mrs. Malcolm previous to her marriage), “and a great pity it is he should be *called so*, since his wicked relations will not *own him*, though God knows the king of England might be *proud* of such a *grandson!*”

“So,” said the insulting Martin, viewing Duncan with a most supercilious stare, “this is the presumptuous gentleman whom my mother told me might one day strive to rob me of my *rights*, although she knew my uncle never had been *married!*—Come sir,” continued he, “addressing himself to Mr. Gibbon, “let us leave this *great personage* to the gratification he enjoys in possessing a *name* to which he has no *legal title.*”

The astonished Mr. Gibbon was prevented from replying to this insolent speech, by the entrance of the worthy Mr. Addington, who had travelled with the utmost expedition from Malcolm castle, for the

the purpose of introducing his young pupil to its present master, who finding himself in a situation that promised but a short possession of *hereditary honors*, wished to behold the object on whom they would devolve, before he resigned them for ever.

It is here necessary to inform my young readers, that the sudden death of the presumptive heir to the Malcolm estate (which happened about three months before Mr. Addington went to Scotland), had such an effect upon the debilitated constitution of his father, that the physicians pronounced him past recovery; and, as he totally discredited the account of Captain Malcolm's marriage, he sent Mr. Gibbon (the former tutor of that amiable young man) on an embassy to England, for the elder son of his only daughter, who had married a gentleman of the name of Martin, and had for some years resided near London. This boy, whose conduct must have ap-

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peared so strikingly unamiable, had been educated with the hope of possessing the Malcolm estate, as the ill health of Mrs. Martin's brother gave her reason to suppose he could not live to enjoy it.

Duncan, who had with difficulty constrained his indignation during the whole of Martin's speech, said, "let me tell you, sir, that though I am ignorant what *rights* you allude to, it is lucky you have the *right* of *hospitality* in *your* *favour*; for, if you were in any other house than my mother's, I would certainly thrash you until you could not stand; and now," continued he, "if you are not as *cowardly* as you are *insolent*, you will go into the yard, and let me take my satisfaction."

Mrs. Malcolm, who had entirely recovered from her alarming faintness, was perfectly terrified at the prospect of her son's *fighting*; and Mr. Addington, who had not been present during the preceding conversation, rebuked him severely for his
ungentleman-

ungentleman-like conduct, though Mr. Gibbon openly avowed he had not, in the slightest instance, been to blame.

A few minutes conversation between Mr. Addington and Mrs. Malcolm, completely overturned the aspiring Martin's hopes; and, instead of feeling any inclination to see his dying grandfather, he insisted upon returning back to London, declaring he would not submit to the degradation of going as a *visitor* to a house he expected would have been his *own*; and Mr. Gibbon finding he was not to be persuaded, reluctantly consented to return, though not until he had repeatedly congratulated both Duncan and his mother upon the entire change in his lordship's sentiments.

Although Mr. Addington found himself much fatigued after his long journey, yet so anxious was he to see the child of his friend established in the bosom of his father's family, that he ordered the carriage

at the door at four o'clock on the following morning, when Duncan, after taking a tender leave of his beloved parent, and promising to write the moment he arrived in Scotland, threw himself in the chaise, and burst into a flood of tears !

It was the first time, during the amiable boy's life, he had ever been separated from the most affectionate of mothers ; and the probability there was of his not seeing her again for months, or years, threw such a complete gloom over his spirits, that he would willingly have relinquished all his future splendid prospects for the pleasure of remaining under her maternal care ; and knowing his grandfather's attachment to hereditary greatness, he was fearful he should not be suffered to return again to his beloved priory.

As Mr. Addington imagined he had no time to lose, they pursued their journey with the utmost expedition, and arrived at the castle about three o'clock on the day
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after they had left the priory. Though the beauty or elegance of a *boy's* person is seldom an object of attention to beholders, there was something in Duncan's so *peculiarly striking*, that it was impossible to look at him without a certain degree of animation; and this passport to general favour, was no trifling recommendation in the eyes of his grandfather, who was astonished at beholding such real *dignity of manners* in a boy who had never associated with *nobility*. Contrary to Mr. Addington's expectation, he found his lordship much recovered; and the same physicians who had pronounced him *incurable*, then gave it as an opinion, he might be restored.

The affectionate conduct of Lord Malcolm, could not reconcile Duncan to the absence of his mother, and it was with some difficulty, Mr. Addington persuaded him not to name her in his grandfather's presence, until he was more fully assured

of his friendship and regard. This constant check upon his feelings, the ingenuous boy was unable to support ; and, on the day after his friend had left the castle, he resolved to petition his lordship to let her come and reside in Scotland, which he did in so diffident and respectful a manner, that even the haughty Malcolm could not refuse, and the delighted Duncan received permission to invite her immediately to the castle.

In about a fortnight after this total alteration in Duncan's affairs, the worthy Mr. Gibbon returned to Scotland ; and, when he related the account of his companion's conduct, his lordship's indignation was unbounded, and he protested he should never receive a penny of his fortune, though Duncan generously endeavoured to find excuses for his conduct.

The strong dislike our youthful hero had heard his mother express against a profession which had been so fatal to his father, had

had been the means of preventing him from requesting her to indulge his passion for it; but, upon his grandfather's offering to purchase him a commission in a regiment which was just going to America, he could no longer indulge a natural propensity, and he resolved to try the effect of persuasion. With all the enthusiasm of youthful ardour, he painted the glory he might purchase in his country's cause, and conjured her to reflect upon the pleasure she would derive from hearing an account of his bravery—yet declared his readiness to sacrifice his prospects, unless she would give an *unreluctant consent*.

“ Oh, my Duncan!” said the agitated parent, encircling him at the same moment in her maternal arms, “ how can I *part*—yet how *detain* my child?—No, dearest boy, I will not check—will not destroy that ardent zeal for *fame* which warmly glows within thy generous breast! then go, my love, and may the guardian powers

powers of Heaven protect and save my son!"

The delighted Duncan, after endeavouring to reconcile his mother to their temporary separation, and convince her there was the same sustaining power to shield the soldier in the field of battle, that protecteth the peasant in his peaceful cottage, returned immediately to his grandfather, to impart the success which had attended his petition, and to learn farther particulars respecting his departure, which he found must unavoidably take place in less than a fortnight.

The gentle attentions of the aimable Mrs. Malcolm were so completely gratifying to the feelings of his lordship, that previous to Duncan's departure for the Continent, he had almost persuaded her to give up her apartments at the priory, and consider the castle as her future home; and, when she had lost the object that had endeared the spot, she no longer hesitated
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about complying, but wrote to her friend, Mr. Addington, to dispose of the effects she had left behind.

The regiment in which the earl purchased a commission for his grandson, had been some time stationed on the continent ; but what must have been his astonishment upon joining it, to find himself under the command of the imperious Martin, who, on being disappointed in his most sanguine expectations, had persuaded his father to purchase him a company.

The necessary civilities from a subaltern to a superior, the liberal minded Duncan immediately paid ; and as every one was busy in making preparations for an engagement, there was no time for reflecting either on pique or prejudice. Duncan's heart beat high with expectation, and he boldly determined, that the following day should either *establish* his *fame*, or destroy his existence, as he resolved to exert himself to the utmost. Far different
were

were the sensations of his alarmed relation, who shocked at the danger with which he was surrounded, would gladly have exchanged situation with the meanest peasant. The trying hour at length approached, and large columns of the American troops from different quarters poured down upon them. The English soldiers prepared to attack them with heroic bravery; but where was the commander of the detachment to which Duncan belonged? The cowardice of the captain seemed to have checked the valour of his men, when our youthful hero perceiving their dismay, immediately offered to take the vacant post. The animation of his countenance, the heroism of his conduct, and, above all, the assurance he gave them of being able to subdue the enemy, instantly rekindled every spark of courage, and the whole body unanimously declared, *death or victory* should be theirs!

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I shall pass over in silence the various proofs both of courage and magnanimity which Duncan displayed on that memorable day, and merely say, that the detachment to which he belonged obtained, from their conduct, immortal glory, and that the general not only publicly expressed his acknowledgments to them, but wrote a particular account of our young hero's behaviour for the inspection of his sovereign, who, when he was afterwards presented at St. James's, treated him with the most flattering marks of distinction and regard.

Lord Malcolm received him with open arms, and pressing him to his bosom with parental tenderness, declared he considered *courage* as much the peculiar virtue which belonged to his own sex, as *delicacy* was to that of the other; and added, that he felt himself so much disgraced by the conduct of his other grandson, that he would never own him for a relation!

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In about three months after Duncan's return from the Continent, his lordship was seized with a paralytic fit, against which his constitution was unable to struggle, and he expired in the arms of his attentive grandson, leaving him the whole of his real and personal estates.

Though Scotland had been the spot of his ancestor's *greatness*, the *priory* had been the scene of Duncan's happiness; and as soon as he had arranged his grandfather's affairs, he resolved to visit the dear abode, and evince his gratitude to the worthy Mr. Addington. His friendship for Eustace had known no change, and his affection for Emily had increased by absence; and as neither of their parents opposed the marriage, they were united on the day his lordship came of age. The priory soon after became vacant, and a few thousands converted it into an elegant abode, which his Lordship seldom quitted, except when called upon to fulfil the duties of his profession,

fession, which, notwithstanding his affection for his amiable wife, he always attended with the most minute exactness ; and when he had attained the rank of general, he was no less assiduous than when a subaltern. His fame as a soldier could only be equalled by his virtues as a man, and his death was considered as a general calamity to all who were fortunate enough to boast of his acquaintance. He was interred in the chapel belonging to the priory, with the following lines engraven on his monument!

Valour, and virtue were combin'd—

No base dishonour stain'd

The spotless dignity of mind,

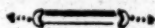
That through his conduct reign'd!

Duncan Malcolm, Ob. May 1, 1798, Æ 41.

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GEORGE

GEORGE COWLEY.



AS William Cowley, an honest, but dissatisfied labouring man, was sitting by the side of the partner of his affection, and watching the expiring embers of a turf fire, his discontented murmurs were suddenly interrupted by a violent blaze of light, which unexpectedly issued from a neighbouring cottage, and the misfortune he was lamenting of having a *numerous family*, was threatened to be terminated by the extinction of their existence.

The flames which raged with alarming violence, instantly communicated to the devoted dwelling, and it was with the utmost difficulty the miserable inhabitants could save the lives of six healthy children, all of whom were locked in the arms of sleep when the fire broke out.

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The humane farmer, from whom Cowley had long derived the means of supporting his numerous family, was no sooner made acquainted with the melancholy event, than he flew on the wings of friendship to the spot, snatched up the two younger children in his arms, and desired the affrighted mother and the remainder to follow him; and, after placing them all beside a large wood fire, returned to the scene of terror and desolation, in the hope of rescuing some part of their property from the devouring influence of the raging flames.

This benevolent intention was completely frustrated; for, by the time he arrived at the humble dwelling, it was almost reduced to ashes, and the disconsolate owner of it stood wrapped in gloomy contemplation, fully convinced there were much severer misfortunes than those which resulted from a *numerous family*.

“Come, Master Cowley, cheer up!” said the farmer, at the same time giving

him a hearty clap upon the shoulder ; “ for though you havn’t got a pleace of your own to put your wife and children, ye shant want a hole to stow um in, as long as John Jenkins has got a house to cover them ! ”

“ God bless your goodness, measter,” replied the unfortunate Cowley, “ and reward you for it too—for I never shall be able ! ”

“ Well, well,” continued the benevolent Jenkins, “ never talk about *rewards* ; but let us go and see what is to be done for your poor wife, and all the young ones, for they are all mortally scared, and want a body to comfort them, I dare say !—Come, man, come along ; for we can do no good here ; but, thank God, it can burn no further ; and it will not stop until stick and stone be down to the very ground, if we stand gaping here till midnight.”

Cheered by the assurance of the farmer’s friendship, the unfortunate man reluctantly retired ; and, anxiously gazing at the
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consuming flames, he sighed deeply, and followed his conductor.

Nothing could be more opposite than the disposition of the humane Jenkins, and his wife; for whilst the heart of the one was all kindness and benevolence, that of the other was incapable of those sensations.

Displeasure and astonishment had been strongly excited by the appearance of her husband, attended by his guest; but when, immediately after his departure, the unhappy woman expressed her apprehension that another being would be brought into the world to become participater in her misfortunes, she instantly insisted upon her retiring to the barn, declaring she would not have her house converted into a lying-in hospital, to please all the husbands in the world.

Cowley's misfortunes seemed now complete; his house destroyed—his children half naked—and his wife hurried into a premature labour by the unexpected fright

she had recently experienced !—Frantic he flew to the overseers of the parish ; and, in the most pathetic terms, described the misery of his situation ; but before the unfortunate creature could be removed, she became the mother of the hero of these memoirs.

Though he was not the first infant that drew its breath in a barn, yet the circumstances which had attended his birth were so peculiarly interesting, that every creature in the neighbourhood (Mrs. Jenkins excepted) seemed to feel solicitous for his welfare ; and as the fire had consumed the clothes that had been prepared for him, every body was anxious to supply him with others.

The repining author of the little George's existence (for so he was named immediately after his birth) was continually grumbling at his diminutive size, and expressing a wish that he might die in his *infancy*, from an apprehension he would never be able to *support himself* when a man.

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It was in vain that the affectionate mother endeavoured to prove the *duty of attachment*, and tried to engage some portion of his tenderness ; for the inhuman father beheld him with an eye of coldness and insensibility, and considered him as an additional cause of difficulty and labour.

The opinion which this selfish man had formed, that the child would never be able to earn its own subsistence, was more than probable, in the opinion of those who saw him ; for he was so remarkably small, and so extremely unhealthy, that he had absolutely attained his fourth year before he was able to walk without assistance.

Amongst the number of these benevolent characters who had always felt interested in the little George's welfare, was a gentleman of the name of Sutton, who lived about a quarter of a mile from the place of his birth, and who, from being curate of the parish, had been summoned to the barn upon that occasion, to make him a christian before

before he expired ; as he was then thought in too weak a state to survive more than a few hours.

This gentleman, who was a great phisognomist, imagined he perceived traces of genius in the boy's countenance ; and, whenever Cowley grumbled at having such a *puney child*, used to say in a tone of *exultation*, " he would become a *greater man* than any of his brothers."

The idea of a perfect *mite* being converted into a *great man*, was what the industrious Cowley could not comprehend ; but as he thought it would be highly improper to contradict the *parson's assertions*, he used only to reply by an expressive shake of the head ; or a " God grant your *reverence* may be *right*."

As soon as George was sufficiently strong to walk backwards and forwards to the rectory, without the assistance of his brothers and sisters, Mr. Sutton offered to teach him to read ; and the hope that George might

might get his bread by his *learning*, reconciled his father to the delicacy of his shape ; and the idea that he might one day rise to the *elevated situation of parish clerk*, gave a new turn both to his affection and his behaviour.

If Mr. Sutton was convinced by the lines in George's countenance, that his mind was superior to the generality of boys, he was absolutely confirmed in this opinion by the rapid improvements he made under his tuition ; for in less than a twelvemonth after he had received his instruction, he could read the most difficult chapter in the Bible and Testament, and became tutor to his elder brothers.

His mother, who had always regarded him with the utmost fondness, beheld these instances of perception and docility with a pride natural to her humble situation, and began to look higher than a *parish clerk*, for a boy who displayed such surprising abilities. By the time George had attained
his

his tenth year, he was perfectly master of the Latin Grammar; and so much gratified was Mr. Sutton by his attention and improvement, that he offered to take him wholly under his protection; and the father, delighted at being relieved from all expence, joyfully acceded to the proposal, finding that though his health was greatly improved, it would never be strong enough to enable him to undertake any *laborious employment*.

This eligible and advantageous scheme excited the envy of our little hero's brothers, who, exasperated at the prospect of his becoming a *gentleman*, treated him in the most *unkind* and *insulting* manner.

" 'Tis a fine thing indeed, to be born no bigger than a *shrimp*," said the elder of the boys, as soon as he heard George was to reside at the rectory; " for then folks think one's not *able to work*, and forsooth make gentlefolks of them *directly*; though, for my part, whilst I have the use of my hands to
guide

guide the plough, I had rather *earn* my own *living*, than be obliged to the best *parson* in *England* !”

This was merely an unkind sneer ; for Tom happened to be a remarkable lazy boy, and was always endeavouring to find some excuse for idleness, though his father would seldom permit him to put it in execution.

“ I am sure, Tom,” replied George, “ I have no greater wish to be lazy than you have ; and when I am at Mr. Sutton’s, I am never idle one minute ; for I first read, then I write ; and, after that, go to accounts—so I leave you to judge whether I am going there merely to be a *gentleman*, as you call it ;—besides, if ever I was to be a *gentleman*, you should *be so too* ; for do you think I would be so wicked as to keep my money to myself ?”

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Sutton, who came to fetch his intended companion ; and though George was sincerely attached to his
generous

generous benefactor, he could not bear the idea of being separated from his family, without their being upon terms of friendship with him ; and with tears in his eyes, he besought Tom to visit him frequently.

“ Why, one would imagine,” said Mr. Sutton, patting George upon the head, “ I was going to transport you to the East Indies, you take leave of your brothers with such a sorrowful countenance :—but, continued he, softening his tone of voice, and looking at his young friend with an eye of tenderness, I do not mean to check those natural impressions of fraternal affection ; on the contrary it gives me pleasure to behold them ; for the heart which is incapable of being attracted by the *ties of nature*, must be *cold* and *apathetic* to the *claims of friendship*.

Immediately upon George’s establishment at the rectory, his whole appearance underwent a sudden transformation—his nailed shoes and coarse yarn hose were immediately

diately exchanged for shining pumps, and cotton stockings—his leather jacket and woollen cap, for a blue coat and round hat ; and, in short, his whole person was so totally changed, that even his parents could scarcely recognize him.

This alteration, so much in George's favour, excited in his bosom neither vanity or pride ; and whenever he was led to observe the change, it was only to regret that the situation of his brothers was less fortunate and comfortable than his own.

Though Mr. Sutton was merely curate of Ditton, he had a very good living in the fenny part of Lincolnshire, which he was only prevented residing at by an asthmatic complaint upon his lungs ; and, in addition to this competent income, he had a small paternal estate, which probably amounted to two hundred a year.

Without children of his own, or any *near* relations, Mr. Sutton felt himself at liberty to dispose of this fortune in what-

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ever manner he thought proper; and as each day displayed some new instance of George's merit, he openly avowed his intention of making him his *heir*, and expressed a determination of sending him to the university.

This intention was soon circulated, and at length reached the ears of a distant branch of the family, who had felt secure of possessing the fortune he now heard destined for our youthful hero. Alarmed at the prospect of being deprived, by a stranger, of an inheritance to which he fancied himself entitled, the selfish man instantly resolved to visit his relation, and endeavour, by artful insinuation, or open opposition, to lower the credit of the usurping favorite.

Though no kind of intercourse had for several years taken place between Mr. Sutton and this designing man, he possessed too large a portion of genuine christianity not to feel some degree of satisfaction at
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the prospect of being upon terms of friendship with his nearest relation; and when the letter arrived, expressing an intention of spending a fortnight during the shooting season, at the rectory, he answered it with all the warmth of an ingenuous mind, declaring that no circumstance could have afforded him more real gratification.

A being who could be capable of forming a premeditated plan to injure the prospects of an unoffending friendless child, must, of course, be very unfit for the office of preceptor to his own; and his elder son Charles, though only fourteen, was as complete an adept in the art of deception, as the most finished hypocrite of forty-four.

This boy, Mr. William Sutton resolved, should accompany him in his visit to the rectory, conceiving the beauty of his person—the affability of his manners—and the pliancy of his disposition, would ren-

der him a desirable agent in the execution of his designs.

The worthy rector received his guests with all that warmth of hospitality natural to his character, and seemed to feel additional satisfaction in the unexpected society of his young relation.

The ingenuous frankness of George's disposition, rendered him incapable of discovering the low petty cunning of his young companion's mind; and, with all the openness of unsuspecting confidence, he disclosed some trifling indiscretions which he had carefully concealed from the knowledge of his patron.

The ill consequence of this injudicious proceeding, our young hero soon experienced; for failings which, in themselves, were *mere trifles* under false representation and *exaggerated colouring*, appeared *faults of great magnitude*, and created a total alteration in Mr. Sutton's conduct.

Elated

Elated at the success which had attended his scheme, Mr. William Sutton doubled his assiduities to his unsuspecting relation, whilst Charles, by these minute attentions which at once gratify and please, imperceptibly undermined poor George's interest.

It was not to be supposed that George was negligent in attention, or deficient in respect to his generous benefactor; on the contrary, few things gave him so much satisfaction as the being able to render himself useful to one to whom he was so infinitely obliged; but he was unacquainted with that refined art of dissimulation in which Charles had been instructed, which, under pretence of studying the happiness of another, seeks only to establish its own interest and advantage.

Notwithstanding the visible decrease in Mr. Sutton's regard, he still felt a lively interest in the welfare of his protégée; but a circumstance soon occurred, which en-

tirely destroyed this prepossession, and banished the unfortunate boy from an abode in which he had passed so many years of happiness.

A favourite housekeeper, who had resided some years with Mr. Sutton previous to his adopting the little rustic, fancied her own interest would be injured by his introduction into the family; and, in consequence of this opinion, always beheld him with an eye of envy.

This dislike, though both unjust and ungenerous, was soon observable to the discriminating Mr. William Sutton, who, with an excess of meanness which could only be equalled by the illiberality of his designs, intreated the housekeeper's assistance in the execution of them.

Few proposals could have been more congenial to the feelings of this interested woman than that which was made by Mr. Sutton; and, as it was strengthened by a present of a two pound note, as an earnest
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of favour, she promised her assistance not only from an impulse of private pique, but from an expectation of future reward.

Though Charles was endeavouring to destroy his young companion's interest with his worthy benefactor, he insidiously acted with the utmost appearance of cordiality towards himself, and instigated him to be revenged upon Mrs. Thomas (which was the housekeeper's name) for her spiteful conduct in having told Mr. Sutton of some boyish tricks they had been jointly guilty of.

Revenge was a passion to which the generous bosom of Charles Cowley was a total stranger; yet he enjoyed those little boyish tricks that rather spring from a lively imagination than a corrupted heart; and Mrs. Thomas was a person on whom he was very fond of exercising them, as her conduct towards him had always been both *illnatured* and *illiberal*.

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As it was generally believed Mr. Sutton's housekeeper had saved a good deal of money in his service, though her person was as completely deformed as her mind, she was thought to possess sufficient charms to attract the hearts of no less than three different admirers, viz. the butcher, baker, and parish clerk ; the latter of whom was the favoured lover, and used to meet her most evenings at a back door, at the extremity of a narrow lane, which led into a shrubbery, that belonged to the lord of the manor, and of which Mr. Sutton had a key.

As George soon discovered that a loud whistle was the signal of this attached swain's arrival, he used to amuse himself by imitating the well-known sound, and run away from the spot before the lady could reach it, to prevent her from discovering the author of her disappointment. This scheme the boys had practiced once or twice with very great success, when

Charles

Charles proposed increasing their *fun*, by fastening a cord across the lane in a manner that would occasion the poor woman to fall, and then placing a pan full of water in such a situation as would be most likely to receive her head and face. George was at first delighted with the proposal, but a few moments reflection convinced him, that the execution of it might not only be attended with *disgrace to himself*, but with *danger* to the *object* of his *aversion*, and he strenuously resisted all persuasion.

As this was a scheme which Charles had imagined would certainly insure his rival's *ruin*, he was greatly mortified at finding him oppose it; but determined not to forego his iniquitous design, he resolved to sacrifice *truth* as well as *principle*, and to accuse him of a crime of which he was not only *innocent*, but *averse* ! Thus resolved to perpetrate a deed which was not only *disgraceful*, but *inhuman*, he easily contrived to arrange every thing in the proper

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proper order for the practice ; and accordingly, as soon as evening approached, the water was placed, the cord fastened, and he entered the library where the unsuspecting Charles was completing the afternoon task he had received from his benefactor, with as much composure of countenance as if he had been performing the most meritorious action.

“ Well, George (said he), are we not to have a little *fun* with the old girl ?—Where is your *whistle* ?—Come get it my lad, and do not sit dreaming over that old musty fellow *Horace* any longer.”

“ I have just done (replied the unsuspecting boy), but I saw Mr. Sutton and your father walk through the church-yard a little time ago, so I fear we shall be found out, and I am sure we should never be forgiven, for she is such a favourite.”

“ Come along, *coward* (exclaimed the hypocrite), what should we *fear* ? and, besides, what great harm is there in what

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we do, even if we are found out? I am sure my father would only laugh at it, and Mr. Sutton could not be displeased when we had such an able champion?"

Thus urged to the prosecution of a plan which ended in ruin, the unfortunate boy instantly complied, and opening the draw of his writing desk, took from thence a little tin whistle, repaired to the spot, and gave the accustomed signal.

The closing of the kitchen door, which shut very loud, had always been the sign for the boys to depart, and the moment they heard it on the fatal evening, they flew from the place of concealment, scrambled over the shrubbery gate, and instantly encountered the old gentleman.

"Whence eall this hurry, George?" said Mr. Sutton, in a tone of displeasure and astonishment, "and why have you presumed to enter Mr. Bedford's pleasure grounds without my permission?"

"Sir

“ Sir—Sir I—I did not mean to offend Mr. Bedford !”—“ You did not mean to offend Mr. Bedford !” said Mr. Sutton, in a still more angry tone of voice, “ but you have *offended me*, and I insist upon knowing the *cause* of all this *agitation*, which convinces me you have been guilty either of some *paltry*, or *disgraceful action* !”

The conversation was suddenly interrupted by a loud and violent scream, which seemed to proceed from the spot the boys had just quitted.

“ Gracious powers, what do I hear ! (exclaimed Mr. Sutton) and darting forward, unlocked the gate, and beheld a sight which filled his bosom with terror, grief, and amazement ! The unfortunate housekeeper was lying flat upon her face, whilst the blood was streaming copiously from an immense wound in her forehead, which had been cut by the edge of the pan, against which she had fallen, whilst
the

the cord, which had been the occasion of the accident, remained as a striking proof of the *malice* of the *design*.

Mr. Sutton, without speaking a word, darted a look of fury and resentment against the unoffending object of his anger, and at the same time raised the bleeding favorite in his arms.

"I would *not* have had you *done it*," said the adept in artifice, addressing himself in a low tone to his companion, yet, at the same time, loud enough for Mr. Sutton to hear him.—"It is as I suspected then," said Mr. Sutton, "and to indulge an inhuman prejudice, this unhappy creature's life, I fear, is sacrificed!"

"Fly for a surgeon, Charles," continued Mr. Sutton, "and as to *you*, *inhuman as you are*, never let my eyes behold you more!—Away, nor e'er attempt to *disobey my orders*!"

The unhappy boy threw himself on his knees, caught Mr. Sutton by the skirt of

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his coat, and, in the strongest terms, protested his innocence of the crime alledged against him, but avowed the part he had acted, intreated forgiveness, and conjured his benefactor neither to let prejudice or injustice prevail against him; but alas! without effect, Mr. Sutton remained inflexible, and his designing relation, strengthened by the most persuasive argument, a dislike which seemed but too firmly rooted.

The unfortunate George, thus driven from an abode where he had passed ten years of his life in an uninterrupted state of happiness, was under the necessity of retiring to the humble dwelling of his parents, loaded with shame, sorrow, and disappointment! His father, who had never felt the affection of a parent for him, fully believed the tale that had been fabricated against him, received him with the most bitter *reproaches*, and severe accusations, and his brothers, who had always
envied

envied his good fortune, treated him with the most mortifying coldness and insulting cruelty.

It was impossible, that a mind of sensibility could support the inhumanity of this behaviour, and particularly one which so little deserved it; for, during the whole ten years George had resided at the rectory, he had never one day omitted visiting his parents, and sharing, with them and his brothers, that money which the generosity of his patron intended for his own indulgences. He accordingly arose at day-light, the following morning, resolving to attempt to soften the resentment of his benefactor, and endeavour to reinstate himself in the good opinion of one whom he loved, venerated, and admired; but alas! his enemies had too far prevailed against him, for him to be able to establish his own innocence; and Mr. Sutton, after giving him a ten pound note, advised him to offer his assistance to a clergyman who

kept an academy about fifteen miles distance, and expressed a desire of never seeing him again.

With a heart oppressed with sorrow, and a mind labouring under disappointment, the unfortunate object of Mr. Sutton's resentment, bent his steps towards the spot his patron had directed, and fortunately arrived at the seminary at a moment when the master was in want of an assistant, who, in spite of his youth and inexperience, was resolved to engage him in that capacity, as the answers he gave to the questions which were put to him, convinced him that his knowledge was much superior to his years.

Though time, in some degree, reconciled him to the severity of his misfortune, it could not make him cease regretting the loss of his benefactor's friendship; and, though he soon obtained the esteem of his employer, and the affection of the boys,
he

he sighed at the remembrance of past felicity.

Amongst the number of lads who were partial to their youthful instructor, was one of the name of Lumley, who was so extremely partial to George's society, that he entirely gave up all former amusements, and spent those hours which he had been accustomed to devote to boyish pleasures, in cultivating his friendship, and profiting by his information.

Sir Thomas, who soon perceived the advantages his son had derived from the improving conversation of his young tutor, immediately sent him a pressing invitation to pass the ensuing vacation at the abbey, and became so warmly interested in his welfare, that he resolved to defray his expences at the university, to prevent the necessity of his son being separated from a friend so able to counsel, and so competent to advise.

His attention to study, his promotion of regularity, and his zeal for the welfare of his young friend, insured him the approbation of all the heads of the college; and it was difficult to determine whether he was most *admired* as a *scholar*, loved as a *companion*, or *esteemed as a man*! The knowledge he had obtained of different states and kingdoms, astonished those who were much older than himself, and induced Sir Thomas to propose him as travelling tutor to his son, during his intended tour through Europe.

A proposal so flattering, was of course, joyfully accepted; and the two young men commenced their journey, determining to profit by every new observation. Three years elapsed in this delightful employment, when the travellers returned, informed in mind, improved in manners, and strengthened in friendship and affection.

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Though George had determined never to return to the scene of juvenile felicity, unless recalled by the revived regard of his valued friend and patron, he was neither unmindful of his parents' interest, or his brother's welfare ; and the moment he was engaged as tutor to his young friend, he settled half the salary upon his unaffectionate father, who was then convinced that, instead of repining at the birth of a *sickly child*, he ought to have been grateful to heaven for sending him such a treasure. A hundred a year, to a man like Cowley, was absolutely considered as a *princely fortune*, and the humble cottage was immediately exchanged for a comfortable farm, where the industrious inhabitants passed their days in an uninterrupted scene of domestic happiness.

Soon after the departure of the much injured George, the insidious Mr. Sutton persuaded his too credulous relation to make a will in favor of his favorite son ;

in which request he was urgently joined by the deluded Mrs. Thomas, who soon recovered from the wound she had received, and became his firm friend and advocate.

The desired will was no sooner completed, than the object in whose favor it was so strongly penned, was suddenly seized with a putrid fever, and expired in less than four days. This visitation, which seemed like a judgment from heaven, made a strong impression upon the unhappy father's mind, and in the first paroxysm of grief, he resolved to confess the iniquity of his proceedings, and restore the unfortunate boy to his patron's favor. But time, which blunts the edge of affliction, likewise decreased the impression of *contrition*; and on the prospect of inheriting an usurped fortune, he soon forgot the means by which it had been attained. Upon George's return, after a three years absence, a letter from
his

his father informed him of his *patron's* illness, and no longer able to deny himself the pleasure of seeing the friend of his juvenile years, he ordered his horses, and rode post to the rectory.

Time and absence had so completely altered and improved his person, that Mr. William Sutton, who at that moment was standing at the gate, had not the slightest recollection of it; but, seeing an elegant looking young clergyman, attended by a servant in livery, alight, he accosted him with that politeness due to his appearance, and begged to know by what name he was to have the *honour of announcing him to his relation.*

“ I will have the happiness of *announcing myself,*” said the indignant young man, darting at him a look of unconcernable contempt, “ for if I am introduced under Mr. Sutton’s auspices, the recommendation I fear would not be very *advantageous.*” So saying, he darted forward,

forward, sprang up stairs, and was by the invalid's bed-side, before the astonished man could recover from his surprise.

"My much loved friend! my generous benefactor!" said the agitated amiable George, "do you not know—can you not recollect the being whom your humanity so nobly raised from poverty to affluence? Oh, say," continued he, "that my presence is not *hateful*, and I am blest indeed!"

"My boy! my injured boy! (feebly articulated the dying man) and do I live to see you once again!—Oh joy!—excess of joy!—yes, I have heard how sadly you were used! but ill-got wealth, you know, could never thrive; and Sutton this day owned he wished not to possess it."

This little exertion was too much for the debilitated frame of the venerable man to support, and throwing his arms round the neck of the agitated George, he faintly sighed "I'm happy," and expired.

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By the death of this worthy character, George found himself in possession of a fortune of near five hundred a year ; and by the generosity of Sir Thomas Lumley, he was presented with a living of nearly the same value. This was but a prelude to his future *greatness*, for Sir Thomas was very soon called to the house of peers, and put in one of the first posts in administration ; when his first object was to provide in the most ample manner for the preceptor of his son, who, from being born in one of the lowest situations, by his virtues and abilities elevated himself to one of the first stations in the church of England.

In this respectable and exalted situation he behaved with that modest dignity and unassuming gentleness, which is truly expressive of *real greatness of mind* ; and, after providing in the most liberal manner for all his family, was united to a young lady of exquisite beauty and superior merit,
with

with whom he lived twenty-five years in the utmost harmony and domestic tenderness, and was interred in the cathedral over which he presided, in the sixty-third year of his age, with the following lines engraved on his tomb:—

From humble birth and lowly state

This noble prelate came,

Virtue alone make mortals great,

And dignifies their name!

George Cowley, Ob. Jan. 1799, Æ. 63.



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